



WHITING
A BURGER MELODY
Page 12

THE MEDIA MAGAZINE

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PUTTING WORDS
IN ACTORS' MOUTHS

SEAVER:
I LOST MY JOB
THROUGH THE 'DAILY NEWS'

DEAR CAROLINE:
ADVICE FROM A COPYBOY

CRITIC POWER



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THE MEDIA MAGAZINE More

JULY/AUGUST 1977

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CRITIC POWER



Ever since the Shubert brothers tried to bar *New York Times* critic Alexander Woolcott from their theaters in 1915, the New York drama critics have been basking in the spotlight. They have been endowed by their subjects—Broadway producers, directors, actors, and playwrights—with the power of life and death. The critics, of course, prefer to see themselves not as leading men, but as minor characters in the drama of whether or not a play flops or succeeds.

P. 18 Who's Afraid Of The Broadway Critics?

By Gerald Nachman

Who are these men who supposedly can bring down the curtain? Which are good at their craft and which deserve bad notices? *Daily News* columnist Gerald Nachman, formerly a theater critic in California, reviews the reviewers and concludes that Walter Kerr of the *Times* is the best of the lot.

P. 23 Critic Power

MORE conducted a study of the theater critics in New York over a ten-year period, correlating their reviews with the length of run of Broadway plays. Our findings show that the critics are indeed powerful and that the power to kill is greater than the power to make a hit.

P. 30 The Victims' Revenge

MORE interviewed some of Broadway's leading producers, directors, actors, and playwrights, offering them a chance to return the fire.

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12 Songs In The Key Of Hype

By Randy Cohen

Imagine being paid to write songs about cheeseburgers. Jingles writers like Ginny Redington and Kevin Gavin are enjoying lucrative careers doing just that. Their objective: to get America humming the praises of everything from beer to soap.

35 Is Something Rotten In Denmark?

By Allan Chase

William Shockley, who believes that blacks have inferior IQs, stated, in a 1965 *U.S. News and World Report* interview, that Denmark had a successful selective sterilization program. This "fact" has percolated through the media and has been used to bolster support for similar programs in the U.S. The only problem is that Denmark has never had such a program.

38 Dear Caroline . . .

By Paul La Rosa

There isn't much glamour in

being a copyboy at the *Daily News*. In a letter of warning to rookie Caroline Kennedy, copyboy Paul La Rosa explains that when the editors yell "copy," it means anything from fetching coffee to paying a phone bill for a reporter's mistress.

40 The Dubbing Art: Directors Pay For Lip Service

By Mark Grant

Though scoffed at by cinema purists, dubbing has become a sophisticated art. And master dubbers like Lee Kresel and Paulette Rubinstein are very much in demand.

Departments

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46 The Jody Watch: Screw-Up Of-The-Month

By Aaron Latham

The White House press corps has been fed a lot of fiction over the years. But last month the press was alert enough to stop a fable in the making when Carter's press spokesman offered an inventive excuse for why the President's taxes were being audited.

48 Sports: Seaver Beamed By Columnist

By Joseph Valerio

Did *Daily News* columnist Dick Young drive Tom Seaver out of town? Has he become a front-office hatchet man for the New York Mets?

Cover:

Illustration by Simms Taback

NOTE TO SUBSCRIBERS: Again this summer, we are combining the July and August issues. Subscriptions that expire with August 1977 or later will be extended by one month. MORE will resume monthly publication in September.

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LETTERS

FORBES FURY

Chris Welles got the tone right in ("Is The Forbes Money Balloon Ready To Burst?" April, 1977), but then, I think, he overstated the case—in what was a good *Forbes*-type hatchet job on *Forbes*:

—*Forbes*-like, he rhetorically asked if *Forbes* was running out of steam—though with advertising pages growing by leaps-and-bounds (to use Welles' own figures of a 1976 100-page increase), *Forbes'* advertising heyday could still be ahead of it. Much recent *Forbes* Inc. growth has come from the Trinchera ranch exploitation—Malcolm has sold less than a third of the 174,000 acres in five-acre lots. There's still growth there.

—Welles seemed to have missed something during his interviews. Yes, ex-*Forbesians*, and some existing *Forbesians*, are critical of the things worth criticizing; but most ex-*Forbesians* are glad they worked there because *Forbes* is good at its job.

—And that job Welles didn't quite grasp: if *Forbes* doesn't provide the tone of *The Wall Street Journal* or the lengthy research of *Fortune*, it's because of what *Forbes* does attempt—to tell the reader what's coming up as soon as it's spotted on the horizon.

It's easy to write a story when all the facts are in. For better or for worse *Forbes* likes to do stories ahead of the pack and to keep the readers informed, on their toes and entertained while doing it.

There is no ground for Welles' unfair near-blanket indictment of the quality of the *Forbes* editorial staff—especially as, by Welles' own admission, so many have gone on to edit other major mags in the field.

—Arthur Jones
Kansas City, Mo.

Chris Welles replies: 1.) I did not say that *Forbes* magazine was now in a decline; indeed, I spent a good deal of time discussing its

quite spectacular success. I did note, however, several problems such as a growing loss of editorial distinctiveness that in the future could cause its growth to wane. 2.) Trying to do stories "ahead of the pack," and "keeping readers on their toes," is no more an excuse for shallow research than it is for clichés. Does Jones really mean to suggest that staying ahead of the pack is such a virtue that it should be permitted to take precedence over obtaining all the facts necessary to support a story? *The Wall Street Journal*, among other publications, regularly demonstrates that the well-documented scoop is now a contradiction in terms.

Forbes, as I pointed out, has recruited a number of fine journalists over the years. Though few regret the experience of working for Michaels, most departed *Forbes* for other jobs. Staff members who have remained at *Forbes*, unfortunately, tend not to be up to the quality of those who did not.

GUILD APPALLED

Totally, absurdly wrong about the Newspaper Guild is your May 1977 article ("Reporters Sued And Abandoned") on the libel case against the San Francisco *Examiner* and two reporters.

Marlene Adler Marks first raises the asinine question of how the Guild would "react" to the *Examiner's* defending non-employee Lowell Bergman as well as staff reporter Raul Ramirez. (Why in hell would the Guild react to that at all?) Then, she writes:

"In late March, the Guild made its position clear: they came down strongly against including freelancer Bergman in the *Examiner's* defense."

There is not a grain of truth in that. Marks never asked the Guild and never got any such rot from a Guild representative.

The Guild has never taken a position that any publisher owes less libel protection to a freelancer

than to any other writer.

—Fred D. Fletcher
Executive Secretary
San Francisco-Oakland
Newspaper Guild

Marlene Marks replies: Had the local union come out early and forcefully in support of both Bergman and Ramirez, pressure might have been brought on management to promptly resolve this mess at some stage prior to the taking of depositions. A union's position in the troubles of its members is never "absurd" or "asinine," and Raul Ramirez was

left hanging alone while the union debated what to do about Bergman. In fact, Bergman's fractured role was the major subject of concern among all parties—staff reporters, management, and union members alike. It's the core of the story.

Fletcher is right that there was no formal union vote in the matter and I regret it if that inference could be drawn from the sentence he quoted. However, the sense of the body was clearly against including Bergman in the *Examiner* defense.

CORRECTIONS

A typographical error in Thomas Plate's article, "The Making of a Godfather" (June 1977), inadvertently altered Carmine Galante's standing in the underworld. MORE quoted a Drug Enforcement Administration report as saying that "Galante is allegedly not the *de facto* head of the Bonnano La Cosa Nostra family." The sentence should have read: "Galante is allegedly now the *de facto* head" of the family and, as the article illustrates, a top contender for leadership of the Mafia.

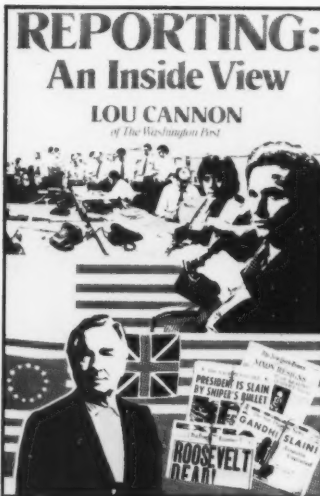
We regret that Nicholas Pileggi, who helped with the reporting of "Slinging Mud & Raking Muck" (March 1977), was identified as co-author of the piece. The entire article was written by Claudia Cohen.

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to anyone who reads,
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television news.

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EDITED BY MARIE SALERNO AND STEVE ROBINSON

CARTER NIXES COPPOLA AID

Military Assistance On Vietnam Film Denied

What happens when America's most powerful filmmaker takes on the President of the United States?

Francis Ford Coppola recently sent a telegram to the White House requesting military aid in the production of his \$24 million Vietnam War epic, *Apocalypse Now*. The communique to the Commander-in-Chief, dated February 12, asked for the use of one Chinook helicopter for a day and approval to purchase ten cases of colored smoke markers. If the Pentagon refused to accede to Coppola's requests, the wire stated, the "entire government will appear ridiculous to American and world public."

Carter apparently never saw the telegram. White House assistant press secretary Barry Jagoda says he turned the request over to the Pentagon. The Pentagon, according to spokesman Tom Ross, turned Coppola down on the grounds that the helicopters and smoke markers were available from non-military sources.

In making his request to the new President, Coppola complained that he had been repeatedly denied assistance by the Pentagon. "Department of Defense has done everything to stop me because of misunderstanding original script . . ." the telegram

stated. The film, Coppola added, is "honest, mythical, pro-human, and therefore pro-American."

Coppola—best known for his two *Godfather* films—first approached military officials with his script for *Apocalypse Now* back in May 1975. According to regulations, the Defense Department will not allow the use of any of its hardware unless a script is approved in advance. The Pentagon was not happy with Coppola's script. Their chief problem was with the basic plot of the film.

Apocalypse Now, loosely based on Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, is the story of a Col. Walter E. Kurtz, played by Marlon Brando, who has gone berserk. Kurtz leads his company to defect to Cambodia and Army Capt. B. L. Willard (Martin Sheen) is sent with a small detachment of men to "terminate" him. It was this scenario that the Pentagon objected to.

In an inter-departmental memo, defense officials called the script "a parody on the sickness and brutality of war." They told Coppola that it was implausible for a whole unit to follow the lead of a mentally unbalanced officer and that the Army would never issue orders to kill a renegade officer, but would instead

attempt to bring him back for psychiatric attention or court-martial.

Coppola proposed, in May 1976, to make a number of script changes—including rewriting scenes of an officer surfing during

combat—but he refused to budge on the central theme of his story. So did the Pentagon.

In the meantime, Coppola had already begun filming in the Philippines, where he obtained the use of helicopters and other equipment (much of it American in origin) from the Philippine government.

The filmmaker was not available for comment about his plans to make the American government look ridiculous now that his latest offer has gone unheeded. His film, the most expensive war movie ever made, is scheduled to open in December. In the meantime, he has hired two of Carter's chief campaign advisors, Gerald Rafshoon and Pat Caddell, to devise a publicity campaign for the film. Their reported fee: \$500,000. —LARRY SUID

MANILA 603PM FEBRUARY 12 1977

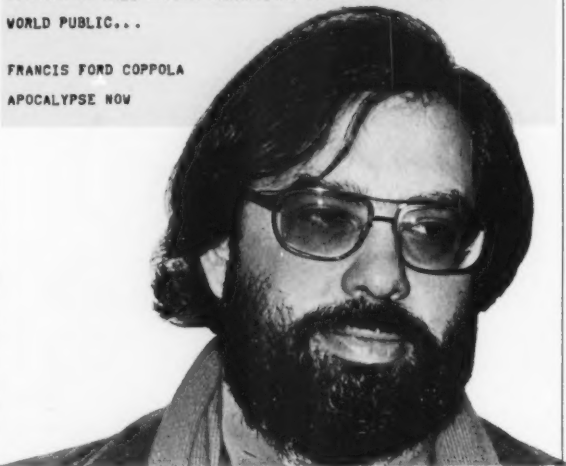
JODY POWELL FOR PRESIDENT CARTER

THE WHITE HOUSE

DEAR PRESIDENT CARTER

ALL GOOD HOPES AND WISHES FOR YOURS AND THE NATION'S SUCCESS. AM MAKING 24 MILLION-DOLLAR FILM ON VIETNAM. WILL BE RELEASED BY UNITED ARTISTS CHRISTMAS 1977. IS HONEST, MYTHICAL, PRO-HUMAN AND THEREFORE PRO-AMERICAN. DEPT. OF DEFENSE HAS DONE EVERYTHING TO STOP ME BECAUSE OF MISUNDERSTANDING ORIGINAL SCRIPT WHICH WAS ONLY STARTING POINT FOR ME. FILM ALMOST DONE. HOWEVER, I NEED SOME MODICUM OF COOPERATION OR ENTIRE GOVERNMENT WILL APPEAR RIDICULOUS TO AMERICAN AND WORLD PUBLIC...

FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA
APOCALYPSE NOW



Francis Ford Coppola's wire to Jimmy. The White House was not impressed.

ALBANY ARIA

Publisher's Wife Sings; Review Changes Tune

When the late edition of the May 12 *Knickerbocker News* appeared, it seemed as if the ghost of William Randolph Hearst—who once used his newspapers to launch actress Marion Davies' career—was stalking the city room.

The first edition of the Albany, New York, paper contained a review of a benefit performance by soprano Patricia Brady Danzig, wife of Robert Danzig, former publisher of the Hearst Corporation's Capital Newspapers, the *Knickerbocker News* and the *Times Union*.



Soprano Patricia Brady Danzig benefited from some selective editing.

Critic Edward French praised Mrs. Danzig—for the most part. He noted, however, that her voice had "lost some of the velvet sheen that was so attractive . . . mainly in the higher register" and that "singer and orchestra were not always together."

Curiously enough, in the later editions, all of French's adverse comments were cut. There were large gaps in the text indicating that space problems were not a consideration.

Managing Editor Bill Dowd,

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The prestigious Wall Street Journal has never been known for its creative art department, at least not until this ad appeared in the May 12 Washington D.C. editions with a curious appendage surreptitiously scrawled by a rogue draftsman. WSJ conducted a witch-hunt but has been unable to locate the culprit. The Caterpillar Corporation was compensated with a free ad.

who was responsible for the editing, says, "There's nothing Machiavellian going on here. Our policy is to consider benefit performances as 'happenings' rather than events to be critically reviewed. In the past, the *Knickerbocker News* has given Patricia Brady Danzig both good and bad reviews."

Critic French shrugs off the incident: "Editors sometimes cut with abandon."

—LISA MANNETTI

VDT HAZARD

Guild Demands New Tests at 'Times'

New York Times copy editor Sam Weiss has cataracts, a condition he didn't have before he began using a visual display terminal. So does John Woodford, another copy editor who works with a VDT, the video system that is revolutionizing editing in newsrooms across the country.

Coincidence? "It appears to

be," says Dr. Wordie Parr of the National Institute of Occupational Safety and Health (NIOSH), which released a study May 13 stating that VDTs do not emit enough non-ionizing radiation—radio waves, visible light, microwaves, ultraviolet radiation and infrared radiation—to pose an occupational hazard. But the study blurs the safety issue by acknowledging that both copy editors have the kind of cataracts which "are compatible with those reported from exposure to radiant energy."

The NIOSH report quickly came under attack. The Newspaper Guild called the study "inconclusive" and said that the VDT-cataract connection is more than coincidence. Dr. Milton Zaret, an ophthalmologist and an authority on the effects of radiation on the eye, said the report has "fatal flaws" and that neither man has any medical history that would lead to the development of cataracts. The Industrial Union Department of the AFL-CIO has backed up Zaret's criticisms.

The *Times*, however, is satisfied with NIOSH's findings.

Harvey Siegel, *Times* safety director, says the study was "done by the best people possible with the best equipment available. It was done in good faith at the Guild's request. We've gone as far as anyone would be willing to go."

In April, even before the report's release, the *Times* ordered Weiss and Woodford back to VDT duty. They had been taken off the machine for six weeks in March while preliminary measurements of radiation levels were taken by the paper's safety department, its insurance company, and NIOSH. Woodford is bitter about the *Times* decision to put him back on the VDT. "I never felt the company had much concern for my eyes," he says.

One week after the NIOSH verdict was in, the Guild sought a temporary restraining order in Manhattan Federal District Court to keep Weiss and Woodford off the machines until a new set of tests could be done. "It is imprudent and inhumane to subject human beings to continued conditions of probable hazard," the Guild's court brief stated.

The *Times* maintained in its court briefs that if any of its copy editors were taken off VDTs, the damage of reverting to "a system of copy editing which it is no longer structured to accommodate is simply incalculable." The *Times* also claimed that the Guild's actions were based on "a slippery rock foundation which consists solely of the undocumented theory of one doctor."

Judge Thomas P. Griesa threw out the Guild request, ruling that a union-management dispute like this one should be settled through arbitration. The first arbitration session was held June 6. On June 15, arbitrator Maurice Benewitz began selecting a panel of three physicians and surgeons and three engineers familiar with VDTs to evaluate any new tests proposed by the Guild. The arbitration could take several months, Benewitz says.

The clash over cataracts began in January when Weiss, 30, and Woodford, 35, were diagnosed by their doctors as having the eye ailment. They then consulted Dr.

HELLBOX

Zaret, whom they had read about in a series of articles on the dangers of microwaves in *The New Yorker*. Zaret's diagnosis: "radiant energy cataracts."

Fifty of their fellow copy editors at the *Times* signed a petition asking for an inquiry. Many of the signers were developing symptoms of their own—eye irritation, tearing, burning sensations, headaches, and general fatigue. In February, the Newspaper Guild took up the case and called for the NIOSH study.

After Weiss was taken off the machines for six weeks, he was re-examined by Dr. Zaret who discovered a slight remission in his cataracts. Since Weiss returned to the VDT in April, there has been a subsequent decline in his condition, Zaret says.

"We could both do work on paper without costing the *Times* any money," says Woodford. In the meantime, Weiss and Woodford are marooned at the VDT consoles.

—DAVID SLOAN

TICKET WAR

Reporters' Feud Splits San Diego Papers

At the five-story building that houses the Copley-owned *San Diego Union* and *Evening Tribune*, the third-floor hallway separating the two editorial staffs has become something of a siege-line and the elevator a no-man's land.

The feud began when Homer Clance, a 50-year-old court reporter and 18-year veteran with the morning *Union*, telephoned the San Diego police in March to help his friend, Municipal Court Judge Frank H. Nottbusch. Nottbusch was being investigated by Meinhart Lagies, a reporter from Copley's other paper, the *Tribune*, for allegedly fixing reporters' traffic tickets in return for free tickets to San Diego Chargers football games.

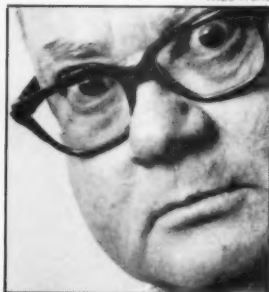
Clance knew that his colleague Lagies had been arrested twice for drunken driving and both times the charges had been reduced. Now, Clance wanted to know why. So he called the cops.

But, rather than using his own name, Clance said he was Gerald Warren, the editor of the *Union*—the same Gerald Warren who was Nixon's deputy press secretary. Then, the bogus editor asked the police for Lagies' confidential arrest records.

When Police Chief William Kolender called editor Warren to check the inquiry, Clance's hoax was exposed. "Warren hit the roof," says Al Jacoby, assistant to the editor. "We have been trying to stop pedalling our influence. It's the post-Watergate syndrome."

Clance was immediately suspended for a month without pay. The next week, he and Lagies escalated their fight.

Wide World



San Diego *Union* reporter Homer Clance is at the center of an intra-city newspaper feud.

Lagies went to the district attorney. He claimed Clance and the judge were conspiring to deprive him of his civil rights and told the DA all he knew about the ticket-fixing scheme. "Clance was trying to look at arrest reports which might have dirt on me," Lagies says. "If you want to blackmail someone, this is what you do."

Clance replies, "I was looking into whether Lagies had tickets fixed for him."

By the end of May, a grand jury had convened and reporters were parading before the bench explaining how their traffic tickets were "taken care of" and why they gave Judge Nottbusch their

CHECK IT OUT

DOWN AND OUT: Mark Kram, veteran *Sports Illustrated* senior writer, fired May 13 for "gross misconduct." Kram's connection with boxing impresario Don King questioned. Kram won't talk, but Newspaper Guild has asked for "evidentiary material" from Time, Inc. . . . WLUP, Chicago contemporary rock station, worried that listeners tune out news, sets news to music. Played "If You Could Read My Mind" to accompany rape trial story in which assailant and victim were deaf mutes.

UNHOLY ALLIANCE: Maryland DA Francis Burch nails Baltimore's big three dailies, *Sun*, *Evening Sun*, *News American*, on price-fixing. Says collusion occurred back in August '75 when all three papers raised newsstand price on same day. Upshot: all three must deliver free for one week. . . . Newest urban fad spawns newest specialty mag, *Moped Biking*, bimonthly scheduled to appear in October. Publisher, Columbia Communications, projects 100,000 circulation. . . . *New York Times* metro desk staffers throw champagne party to celebrate departure of editor Mitchell Levitas to edit "Week in Review." Says one disapproving staffer: "It's wrong to kick someone when he's down."

TACKY: Marvel promotes new *Kiss* comics with publicity shots of rock group donating blood to add to printer's ink . . .

Howard Cosell hit in chest with foul ball on May 30 telecast of ABC's *Monday Night Baseball*, insulted coast-to-coast following week when Texas Ranger batboy discovered open mike behind first base camera, and said "Bite me, Howard," and "Texas hates Cosell." Batboy suspended . . . Everyone at the New York Moonies' *News World* hits the streets daily—even the president. Earn nickel on each 10 cent paper sold . . . New York's latest mass murderer, dubbed ".44 Killer" and "Son of Sam," asked by *Daily News* on April 19 to "surrender to the *News*" if he had "reservations about turning himself in to the police." Columnist Jimmy Breslin gets hand-lettered note from "Son of Sam" June 3; says he is regular Breslin reader. Breslin says killer wrote him personally because of "my sheer ability to communicate the English language."

THE NEW SOUTH: Alabama Attorney General Bill Baxley offends Birmingham *Post-Herald* with article in July *Penthouse*. Profile of Baxley steers clear of sex and lust, but paper says skin mag piece will dismay "church-going folks of Alabama" anyway . . . Gays in Miami irked at *Herald* coverage of rights ordinance showdown. Paper switched editorial position shortly before vote and played up story on assault by New Orleans homosexual teacher on student. *Herald* placed gay rights ads on sports pages but rejected one reprinting earlier pro-gay rights editorial by *Herald* . . . Miami *News* wraps up six-week campaign to promote facelift, calls itself "The newspaper for people who watch TV." Spokesman says, "We want to get this paper read between and during commercials." New "brief" style aids newsstand sales.

PASSING THE BUCK: May 31 Barbara Walters TV interview special featured the millionaire newscaster pumping Redd Foxx, Bob Hope, and Bing Crosby for info on their incomes. Only a year ago, *New York* magazine called Barbara to ask same question for annual salary issue. Said Walters: "I never discuss salary. I think that's vulgar."



Barbara with Mr. and Mrs. Redd Foxx: money talks.

OFF BEAT: Nora Ephron gives up *Esquire* "Media" column, says she's "OD'd on first person singular." . . . Starz, heavy-metal rock group, does song "Pull the Plug" about Karen Anne Quinlan.

DEJA VU: Pete Hamill's New York *Daily News* column of May 25 had familiar ring: same story appeared in 1940 *Esquire* anthology. George G. Toudouze's "Three Skeleton Key" told of rats infesting lighthouse bent on consuming keeper and deputy. Hamill says drinking buddy "Fuentes" told him story and "I copied it down in my notebook." Pete's embarrassed, but figures he'll get another column out of it. . . . House Small Business Subcommittee hears independent filmmakers charge discrimination in MPAA ratings. Indies say their flicks are tamer than big studio PG's and that too many X's and R's hurt them at the box office. Indie Earl Owensby says his R-rated *Dark Sunday* had only 11 deaths while "Clint Eastwood killed 200 people."

SUCH GOOD FRIENDS: CBS to use Phyllis George more despite knock from on-air partner Jimmy "The Greek" Snyder. Said "The Greek" in *People*: "She's the dumbest broad. They had to prime her and tell her everything to say and write it all out on cards." Meanwhile, Phyllis gets good exposure on cover of premier issue of *Horsewoman* with article titled: "Why I Can't Do Without Horses." . . . Jann Wenner finally responds to two-part *New Times* article on *Rolling Stone*. Says, in speech, he found "209 errors" in first segment alone.

INITIAL MISTAKE: *Juris Doctor*, mag for lawyers, confuses KKK and ACLU. April item read: "To accuse members of the Ku Klux Klan of racism is irresponsible, illogical, immoral, and demonstrates a lack of objectivity." . . . John Nugent, former *Newsweek* bureau chief in Nairobi, and Brut Productions getting together on Don Bolles TV movie. Have written agreement with murdered reporter's widow. Hope for spring '78 airing, possibly on CBS.

CREDIT RISK: Novice columnist John Kennedy of *Staten Island Register*, gets scoop on phony "Winner take all" tennis matches. Sends info to 25 media outlets, including *NY Times*. No one runs with story until *Times* front-pages it on May 7. Kennedy credited everywhere except in *Times*, but Neil Amdur says he got story without seeing Kennedy piece. . . . In New Jersey, call 936-8888 for rundown on latest developments on morning soaps, highlights of evening fare. Telephone company's "TV Update" gets 5,000 calls a day.

free tickets to sporting events.

To date, ten current and former reporters have testified before the grand jury, including Earl Keller, a sportswriter for the *Tribune*, who reportedly has admitted mailing off tickets to Judge Nottbusch to be fixed "four or five or six years ago." Paul Cour, a colleague of Keller's, is also alleged to have testified that he sent his tickets to Keller to have them taken care of.

Meanwhile, as reporters were lining up before the grand jury, Clance decided to take his case to the Guild. Although not a member of the local chapter, he complained that editor Warren's punishment was excessive and asked the union to intervene.

After bitter argument and three separate votes, with both Copley papers taking their own reporter's side, the Guild executive committee reluctantly decided to back Clance. The majority believed Clance's story that he was acting in the best interests of his paper and did not deserve the dressing down he got for his efforts.

"It's not a decision we're terribly proud of," says Nancy Ray, *Union* assistant city editor and one of the Guild executive committee members. "I admit I still have a drink with one or two of the fellows from the *Tribune*, but that's all. If we talk about what's going on, we start fighting."

—CARLA LAZZARESCHI

HEIFETZ CHUTZPAH

Publisher Strung Along By Virtuoso Violinist

Music fans searching for books about master violinist Jascha Heifetz will find only one. The reason: the 76-year-old virtuoso has made it known over the years that he would sue anyone who wrote a book about him without his cooperation.

Which is exactly what he did in March after Herbert Axelrod, a New Jersey businessman and publisher, released *Heifetz*, an "unauthorized biography." When the violinist learned that he would have to testify, however, he changed his mind and dropped

the \$7 million defamation suit.

Axelrod had originally obtained Heifetz's promise to cooperate in preparing the book which contains hundreds of photographs, a discography, excerpts from old interviews with the artist, and a scholarly appraisal by music critic Henry Roth. In exchange for Heifetz's cooperation, Axelrod had agreed to give the violinist final editorial approval of the manuscript as well as a royalty.



Jascha Heifetz: he dropped his suit rather than take the stand.

Sometime last year Heifetz changed his mind. Heifetz's lawyer, Marvin Gross, claims that the volume was "libelous, defamatory, and malicious," and that Axelrod—whose stationery includes the slogan "The World's Largest Publisher of Animal Books"—"was not the kind of person suited to do the book." He adds: "The last book the man did was something about fish."

Axelrod never got a chance to defend himself in court. The lawsuit was dropped two months after it was filed. According to Gross, Heifetz "did not want to divulge [in court] any information that might be used by the publishers for their proposed second volume."

"Heifetz is a difficult man," Axelrod says, "and a cold fish as far as human things are concerned." But his difficulties with the maestro have had no effect on his admiration for the man. Heifetz is still, says the publisher, "the greatest violinist who ever walked."

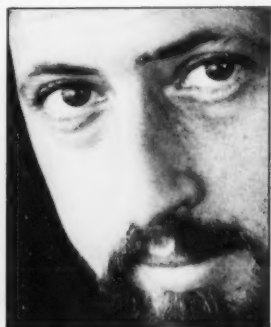
—WILLIAM S. KLEIN

HELLBOX

MASKED
COPKABC Blows Whistle
On Trigger-Happy LAPD

KABC-TV News in Los Angeles has gotten into a verbal shoot-out with the Los Angeles Police Department, and its powerful, politically ambitious chief, Ed Davis.

Since last fall, KABC newsman Wayne Satz, a former attorney, has aired frequent investigative reports into questionable police shootings of unarmed civilians (including one 81-year-old woman), often interviewing witnesses who flatly contradicted police versions of the killings.



KABC's Wayne Satz: questioned shootings by the LAPD.

According to Satz, there have been at least nine unexplained shootings since last July. The death in January of a hostage shot by an LAPD officer is the most disturbing. Thus far, even the policeman's name has not been released. The police department routinely hands out press releases on the killings, but refuses to open its records, saying that would invade the privacy of the officers involved.

Davis—who is expected to run for the Republican nomination for governor when he retires as chief early next year—kept mum about Satz's investigative enterprise until the reporter produced,

on camera, a veteran LAPD officer who charged many of his colleagues with an undue relish for shooting people. He said they find it exciting and helpful in gaining promotions.

Disguised because he feared retaliation, the officer added that falsification of reports to cover up excesses is common. That finally got the chief's goat.

Davis declined KABC's invitation to answer the officer directly on its newscast, because, said an official police spokesman, "it would only lend credence to the charges." But he sent a videotaped message to his force of 7,200 policemen accusing the station of "yellow electronic journalism" and the masked officer of being a Communist sympathizer. Davis also pledged to discover the officer's identity, adding, "Then we'll take a look at what happens to someone who comes out and tells these grandiose lies."

Satz claims that four investigators have been assigned to ferret out the masked cop, and says he has received many calls from other policemen who tell him that their colleague is right on target.

If Davis thought he could discourage further probing by Satz, he got his answer in an extraordinary full-page KABC ad in the *Los Angeles Times* on May 23. The ad read, "The people of Los Angeles have a basic right to strict accountability from their police force . . . We hope that Chief Davis would step forward and unmask the entire unfortunate affair with the kind of straightforward talk for which he is so well noted."

—GLENN ESTERLY

FLY
CAUGHT'News' Grabs Willig;
Holds Captive For Scoop

George Willig wasn't halfway up the south tower of the World Trade Center when the *Daily News* learned that his father worked for the paper as a part-time typesetter. Anxious to get

BAKER DOESN'T

John Spragens, Jr.



The only problem with this Mother's Day cover of the *Texas Monthly* is that the grandmotherly woman proffering a piece of "The Best Apple Pie in Texas" was not the woman who baked it. The real credit belongs to Nettie Daniels, an Athens, Texas, restaurant chef who happens to be black.

The May 20 *Texas Observer*, a rival publication, printed Daniels' picture and suggested that the *Texas Monthly* had not put her on the cover because she is black.

Monthly editor Bill Broyles is "astounded" at what he calls "the preposterous insinuation" that because Daniels is black the *Monthly* scrapped her photo. Broyles says, "We designed the cover first, and then did our scouting for the best pie."

Observer editor Jim Hightower is sticking to his guns. "Here's a black woman who's a mom on Mother's Day and her picture isn't on the cover," he says.

—B.C.

Willig's first-person account, *News* reporter Vince Casgrove and a photographer dashed to the Willig home in Bellerose, Queens. While the daredevil climber inched toward the top, they convinced George Willig, Sr., to encourage his son to pen an exclusive for the *News*.

Dick Edmonds, the *News'* man at the Trade Center, found a cooperative cop who agreed to slip a note to the climber immediately after he was arrested, instructing him to call his father at home. Being a dutiful son, George made the call from the police station in the bowels of the giant skyscraper. When his dad tried to coax him into writing his story for the *News*, George said he'd think about it.

Meanwhile, uptown, the city desk was getting nervous and ordered Casgrove to bring Willig's father, mother, sister, and infant nephew back to the *News*. Still at the Trade Center, Edmonds received a terse message from his editors: "Tell George we have

his family here. Kidnap him—anything—just get him up here and keep him away from the *Times* and the *Post*."

Edmonds had a better strategy. He offered George's friends a free meal at the *News*, hoping that George would follow. The gambit worked, and George and his friends were soon speeding uptown in two *News* cars.

When they arrived at the *News* building, however, a crowd of reporters was already on the scene. Edmonds whisked Willig into the building through the back truck entrance, up the freight elevator, through the pressroom, and past cheering *News* staffers. After a brief reunion with his family, Willig began dictating his story to Harry Stathos, an ace rewrite man, who finished just in time to make the *News'* bulldog edition.

To protect its exclusive and keep the skyscraper climber off the evening news and away from the *Times*, Edmonds was assigned to take Willig and his friends to dinner in Queens. As

they dined on frogs legs and lobster, the first copies of the *News* rolled off the presses with a full-cover photo of Willig scaling the Trade Center. Superimposed was the headline: "Human Fly! Why I Did It. George Tells His Own Story."

—LIBBY BIANCHI

UNDER WRAPS

New Laws May Keep Skin Mags Out Of Sight

While prosecutors around the country attempt to halt the spread of pornography by trying to send Larry Flynt and Harry Reems to jail, a few municipalities are experimenting with another approach. Their premise is simple: people won't buy what they can't see.

Libby Bianchi



Times Square newsstand.

In parts of Tennessee and Rhode Island, newsstand owners are prohibited from displaying any magazine that has nudity on the cover. Sales have dropped dramatically in these areas. One Nashville distributor, Jim Austin, says, "Sales have dropped 50 per cent for minor skin magazines such as *Cavalier* and *Swank*." His business has been so badly hurt by the ban that he is filing a suit against the ordinance.

In New York, the City Council is considering a similar display ban that would keep sex magazines behind the counter. Aileen Ryan, the Bronx councilwoman who is sponsoring the measure, says it is "a matter of morality." She is trying to push the bill through the council even though the city's Corporation Counsel has stated that it "would ban paintings and statues in the

Metropolitan Museum as well as pornographic magazines" and that it is probably unconstitutional.

There are more than 150 different sex magazines on sale in New York. *Playboy* and *Penthouse* sell between 80 and 90 per cent of the newsstand copies sent to the area and news dealers count the adult market to be around one-fourth of their total business.

Distributors like Carl Levy of New York's Hudson News feel the legislation is uncalled for. "People want to buy sex," he says. "More people buy *Hustler* than the Bible."

WXPN-FM GAGGED

Judge Derails Penn Station

Male announcer: "You're on the air."

Male caller: "Hi, this is Chris and I go to William Penn and I

need a fuck."

This exchange, broadcast January 20, 1975, is just one of the reasons WXPN-FM, the University of Pennsylvania radio station, may lose its license. In March, a Federal Communications Commission administrative law judge refused to renew the license after ruling that the student-run Philadelphia station was not controlled adequately by its licensee, the Penn trustees.

If Judge Walter Miller's decision is upheld by the seven FCC commissioners, it will mark the first time a college radio station has lost its license.

Although Miller filled much of his 58-page decision with transcripts of objectionable broadcasts, obscenity was not the primary issue. He also cited incidents when the station was operated and maintained by non-licensed personnel, when its operation interfered with local television reception, when it operated without a properly licensed engineer, when personnel did not respond adequately to an FCC violation notice, and when they

used hashish, marijuana, and alcohol on the premises.

"It is a pretty clear-cut case that the licensee had abandoned control," Miller said.

Spencer Coxe, executive director of the Greater Philadelphia branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, disagrees. "The real basis is the objectionable content of the broadcasting," he says. According to David Sykes, an ACLU attorney involved in the case, a memorandum will be filed with the FCC "asking the commissioners, in an informal request, to consider the First Amendment aspects."

WXPN has not yet been silenced. The university is appealing the decision and the station will continue broadcasting while the commissioners review the appeal and either approve the decision, reverse it, or return it to Miller for further study. Aaron Shainis, an attorney representing the FCC in its appeal, says the process could last from "a few months to over one year."

—RHONDA ORIN

THE ABUSE OF POWER

THE PERMANENT GOVERNMENT AND THE FALL OF NEW YORK

Jack Newfield and Paul Du Brul

"The press has done a poor, shoddy, and even dishonest job in reporting the troubles of New York City. The authors have done a hurricane of a job."

—HENRY FAIRLIE, *The New Republic*

"Combines the vehement with the careful, the tone of a grand sermon with an unanswerable bill of particulars. ... Will bring lasting pain to the few who profit from New York's losses and constant enlightenment to the many who suffer from them."

—MURRAY KEMPTON

\$12.50

THE VIKING PRESS 625 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

SONGS IN THE KEY OF HYPE

Jingles Sweeten Sales Pitch With Pop Tunes, Catchy Cliches

How to write a burger melody.

BY RANDY COHEN

While the true origins of certain landmarks of western culture are subject to debate, this is not the case with the singing commercial. Walter Mack knows who invented the jingle because he did it himself in 1938. (Which is not exactly true. In 1929, General Mills introduced the cereal song, "Have You Tried Wheaties?" on the *Jack Armstrong* radio program. But it was not until Mack came along that the floodgates of melodic hype were opened.)

"I took over the presidency of Pepsi Cola in 1938," says Mack, now in his 80's. "At that time, everything was radio. It was the time of *Amos and Andy*, and everybody would listen. But during the intermission, everybody started to talk. They didn't listen to the commercials."

Mack believed that the solution was to make the advertisements sing. "I had a limited budget for Pepsi when we started. It seemed to me that we could get the most for our money in competing with Coca-Cola by short radio spots. And I wanted a spot that would be sufficiently entertaining, so that at least people would enjoy it."

Like most innovators, Mack was met with skepticism on all sides. But Walter Mack, like Thomas Edison before him, persevered. "One day my secretary came in and said there were a couple of boys in the reception room who had open shirts and white shoes and they looked a little strange. They said they had an advertising idea that they'd like to talk to me about. I always listened and talked to anybody, particularly if they had any new ideas, and I told them to come in. They said to me: 'Mr. Mack, we hear in the advertising world that you are a little bit of a nut, and so are we. We thought maybe you'd be interested in a jingle that we have for Pepsi Cola.' They had a portable phonograph machine and they had this jingle on a record. They brought it in and played it for me. It was the now famous jingle: 'Pepsi Cola hits the spot. 12 full ounces, that's a lot.' It was played to a nursery rhyme from England. I think the tune was 'John Peel.' It seemed to be what I was looking for."

Mack bought the jingle for \$1,000 down, with another \$2,000 to follow if it worked successfully on the air. His colleagues, however, remained unconvinced. Newell Emmot, the ad agency handling the Pepsi account, cautioned that it was too soft a sell. And they pointed out that no one would sell commercial time except in blocks of five minutes or more.

"I told them that it fit the thing I was looking for, which was a sugar-coated pill to give the public. I liked it and thought the only answer was in testing it. We left it that way because, after all, I was president and boss, so I had the right to do what I wanted."

But the captains of the radio networks were not so receptive to Mack's new ideas. "I had a schoolmate friend by the name of Allen Marsh who was a vice president at CBS. I talked to him about it, and he said, 'I'm sorry. We will not sell you less than five minutes of time

Randy Cohen is a freelance writer in New York City.

on the air.' I talked to NBC and got the same answer. Then I decided to try out some of the small stations in Jersey that were starving and needed business badly. They were receptive to selling me a lot of 30-second and one-minute spots."

So Mack placed his Pepsi jingle on six or seven stations in New Jersey and Westchester and waited for the returns to come in. "Within two weeks, the increase in sales in those areas told the story. The people enjoyed it. I heard people humming it. It came echoing back in full force."

Newell Emmot called to admit that they had been wrong. Soon the radio networks fell into line. "About three months later, Allen Marsh from CBS called. 'We've decided to take your spots,' he said. 'We can't afford to have success like that on the radio without the national broadcasting companies having a part of it.' NBC came right along after that. And that's how the thing was launched."

The Three B's

In the 40 years since the introduction of Mack's curious device, jingles have gone on to permeate radio and to make the change to television without missing a beat. Today, over half of all television commercials use music, and the percentage in radio spots is even higher. There are a dozen jingle writers in New York making over \$150,000 a year practicing the art of the eminently hummable melody. And the singers do even better. Their unions enforce a system of residuals that allows the top half dozen singers to gross over \$500,000 annually. (Recently some composers have united to form the Society of Advertising Music Producers, Arrangers and Composers, SAMPAC, which is seeking a royalty system for its members. Currently, song writers receive no residuals, only a one-shot fee for their work.)

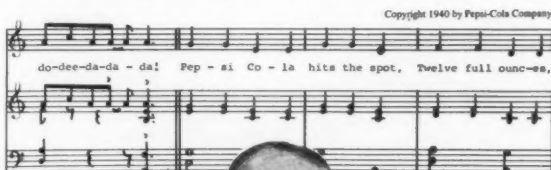
It has become a sophisticated craft to implant the song of the burger into the psyche of the consumer, under the assumption that he will whistle his way down the street and into McDonald's. It's a skill the clients are willing to pay for. For a national spot, a composer earns up to \$10,000 for producing 30 seconds of catchy cliches. This is regarded as a trivial expenditure, considering that the cost of a single airing of a spot on national television can run in excess of \$1,000 a second.

The headwaters of this river of song flow down Madison Avenue where the creative directors of the ad agencies have developed a conception of music far more pragmatic than the *Poetics* of Aristotle. On this street of dreams, music is categorized according to the Three B's. The first is the "Broadway." These are the attention grabbers, the audio billboards. Jingles like "Datsun Saves" and the Plymouth Volare spots are designed to cut through layers of indifference and grasp the viewer in a hammerlock of harmony. The lyrics are often more important than the spoken copy.

"Backgrounds" are unobtrusive music set under the copy to impart a sense of comfort, security, and receptiveness. They are constructed so as not to be noticed. It is the technique of the seducer: a romantic proposition goes down easy if a thousand violins play softly in the background. The industry refers to this sort of music as a "rug" or "carpet." The commercials for Lancers and Wella Flex Balsam rest on rugs.

"Band-aids" are the most prevalent form. Their primary function is to set a mood that will reinforce the copy. They act as punctuation, setting out the rhythm of the spot and underscoring key points. This music, also known as a "spoonful of sugar," may shift roles with the copy several times in a 30-second spot, moving in and out of the lead role. The Volvo test track spots and the Hertz O.J. Simpson ads use this musical sweetening.

There are, of course, various sub-genres. The most common is the "Corporate," which might be a logo for IBM or a musical signature for Xerox. These tunes are not contrived to sell a product, but to promote the image of a corporation, often to counteract public criti-



Libby Bianchi



Walter Mack: the father of jingles. Now in his 80's, he's planning a cola comeback.

cism of an industry. An ambiguous statement of good intentions set to songs is considered superior to a direct acknowledgment of responsibility for a North Sea oil slick. This style of music must embody earnestness, wisdom, stability, and a mastery of high technology. These are the anthems of global corporate capitalism.

The master craftsmen of the Three B's operate out of jingle houses like Kevin Gavin Productions, whose credits include "You Deserve a Break Today" for McDonald's, "Pepsi People Feeling Free," and spots for Schaefer beer, Timex, and Mr. Coffee. Gavin, now in his fifties, sang in more than 20 movies as a kid, including *Broadway Melodies of 1938* and *Angels with Dirty Faces*. He sang his first jingle—for Firestone—in the early 1950s and started his tune factory in the mid-'60s. Always on the run between recording studios and tennis courts, Gavin's face records the pressure of his work.

"Years ago," he remembers, "there would be a musician who didn't know anything about advertising and a rep who would go around hustling the musician to the ad agencies, which didn't know anything about music. They'd sit in the studio, and nobody really knew what they were doing. They couldn't relate because there was no common ground. That's why I started Gavin-Woloshin, with Sid Woloshin. I realized there was a place for a full-service music house that could make music an extension of advertising." (Woloshin later left to form his own jingle house.)

Gavin acts as a musical overseer. The agency describes its needs in advertising terminology (demographics, marketing strategy, budget) and Gavin translates all of this into song. He develops a lyric and chooses the most appropriate composer, arranger, and singers for each job. Once they go into the recording studio, Gavin directs the production, and often sings on his spots.

You, You're The One

While the jingle houses with their teams of specialists dominate the industry, there are a few one-person operations that continue to thrive. Ginny Redington, 30 years old, is a master of the catchy tune, writing and singing spots for junk food, toys, and the U.S. Navy. She looks like a slightly rumpled country-western star, tosses off one-liners in a deep, sexy voice, and almost never turns on her television or radio.

In less than two years since her first professional job—"You, You're the One" for McDonald's—she has become one of the hottest acts in town. She has accomplished this without ever actively circulating samples of her work or engaging in any of the other forms of self-promotion that characterize the business.

She can sing with conviction a line like: "Look around, oh, what a sight to see those dogs and cats all wearing white." In addition to this jingle for the Hartz Mountain flea collar, her credits include singing lead and writing spots for National Airlines, Holiday Inn, and Dentyne Dynamints. She has also written jingles for Johnson's Baby Powder, Three Musketeers, Nutrament, and Schweppes Diet Ginger Ale.

Redington came up from pop music. In 1968, her group, Good and Plenty, had a small hit with "Living in a World of Make-Believe" for ABC records and followed it up with an even smaller hit. After the demise of the group, she took a year off to devote herself to song writing, resurfacing as one of half a dozen staff writers for Columbia Screen Gems, along with Carol King and Mac Davis. She returned to singing, doing solo club work. Ad men began offering her session work on commercials and she developed a reputation for her idiosyncratic vocal style. "I always got commercials that wanted a weird voice or a country voice," she says.

A few singing jobs for Sid Woloshin, Kevin Gavin's former partner, led to her first opportunity to write a jingle. She recalls: "I mentioned to him that I wrote songs and played him a couple. He then asked me to participate in the McDonald's competition." Her tune



Kevin Gavin realized music could be an extension of advertising. He penned jingles for Pepsi, Schaefer beer, McDonald's.

was one of over 50 pieces of music produced by writers through Woloshin's music house. "It's a very speculative business," Redington explains. "You bet on yourself. If you're good, you win." She was, and she did.

Creating a series of commercials like the McDonald's campaign takes two to six months. First, the ad agency will analyze the product and its relationship to the market, deriving a set of retailing problems to be solved and a set of key messages to be delivered to the consumer. Since the large corporations rarely compete by creating innovative products or through pricing, the marketing problem is often to differentiate a new item from existing products that are nearly identical to it. Since McDonald's is only marginally different from Burger King, the ad agencies, and hence the jingle writers, find themselves in the business of influencing trivial decisions: it simply makes no difference which hamburger one buys. One technique widely used to deal with this problem is to sell not the product, but various intangibles that can be associated with the product: sex, status, excitement, or Anita Bryant. Music

has been found to be very effective in creating these associations.

Once the decision has been made to use music in the commercial, the ad agency must select the jingle houses that will be called in to compete for the job. Most of the larger agencies employ a music director to advise the creative teams about the use of music and to recommend which jingle houses would be most appropriate for a specific musical need. In the smaller agencies, the creative directors may choose the jingle houses themselves. In either case, the agency's initial contact with a music house is usually through the reps who are employed by the jingle houses to act as agents or salesmen, touting their work to the agencies.

In the preliminary meeting, the ad agency describes its need to the jingle house. Ginny Redington notes, "Every time you go in to pick up a job they tell you: 'light, happy, contemporary, McDonald's, Coke, Pepsi, good-bye.' It's that simple. That's what everybody wants. Then, of course, what happens is you don't do that. You suit it to what the product is trying to sell." The ad agencies supply the

composer with the lyrics for the jingle, although Redington will revise or totally rewrite the lyric to make it work well with the music.

The writer is given "submission money," usually about \$500, to cover the time spent on the job and the costs of producing a rough demo of the jingle. Typically, he is expected to return with the demo three days after the initial meeting. A few agencies are known to exploit the speculative aspect of the business, sometimes calling in as many as 30 music suppliers to present jingles, and offering no submission money.

The writer now faces the task of producing a tune that, on its first hearing, sounds as if you had heard it a hundred times before, and yet still retains vitality. "Most people in this business are 'composers,'" Redington says. "I am not a 'composer,' but how many minor ninth chords do you have to use in a jingle? It's 28 seconds long; it's the bare bones of a song. You have no time to get fancy. You're looking for something that's going to stick in people's heads. You're not going to try anything atonal or strange-sounding. You're looking for things that everybody knows, everybody relates to. You know what chords are going to create that sound; you know how to use the little hook."

Redington has evolved a variety of techniques that help her to achieve these ends. "I resort to cliché books a lot. I've got a whole series of books of proverbs. It's a great songwriter's trick. I'll take a song and go to my cliché book and find, 'You made your bed; go lie in it.' I'll add an 'alone' on the end of it and you've got a great country song: 'You made your bed; go lie in it alone.'"

As she continued to write jingles, she became increasingly aware of her own methodology. "I know certain things now," she says. "I know I must write them in the morning; I can't write at night. I must not think of them as me sitting down and writing jingles. I must think of them as little puzzles. I look at them almost myopically, pushing everything else about my life out of the way.

It's problem solving, and I get a kick out of doing it well. In the beginning I didn't have any work habits at all. I was thrown into the big leagues by a fluke and really didn't know the business at all. I was just guessing; I don't even know that I believe in advertising. But it's an interesting idea thinking that you can change a lot of people's minds about things."

She solves her puzzles not only very well, but very quickly. "I spend very little time working on the music. I spend an awful lot of time on the lyrics." One of Redington's most successful efforts was the National Airlines jingle, "Take Me, I'm Yours," which she wrote and sang. The "awful lot of time" devoted to the words clocked in at about three hours. She crafted the tune in 15 minutes, and then spent a couple of hours the next day "cleaning up the whole thing."

After the jingle is written, it's back to the agency where a selection is made from among all the jingles submitted. Several of them will be played for the client, who makes the final choice. The jingle producer now chooses an arranger, singers, and musicians to go into the studio and record the final version of the spot.

Patent-Leather Voices

In the studio, the singer is king. A top male singer, like Leslie Miller or Kenny Karen, can make up to half a million dollars a year in royalties. "It's staggering," Kevin Gavin comments. "Name a car, name a beer, name any kind of product and they're on it. Kenny's done McDonald's, Chevy, Buick, Pepsi, and so many more. Leslie is on an incredible number of spots, including Gillette, Toyota, Chevy, and Ford." One former jingle house rep explains why they are worth the big bucks: "They've got patent-leather voices. They can give you exactly what you want, any style, any sound, and give it to you fast, the first time. They're musicians. They can belt out a dozen variations on the theme and get each one letter-perfect every time out."

After the demo, the revisions, the master recording, laying the



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music onto the filmed commercial, and approval by the agency and the client, the spot is still not ready for widespread airing. It must be tested. Some testing is done privately. An audience representative of the target group (age, income, lifestyle) watches the spot and then fills out a questionnaire. Some tests have been done using polygraphs, checking the viewers' blood pressure, heart beat, and galvanic skin response (how much the palms sweat) as indicators of emotional response to the commercial. But the most commonly used method is the Burke Recall Test. A spot is aired once in a test market, and then followed up the next day with telephone interviews. Did you watch *Mary Tyler Moore* last night? Do you remember any commercials? Any commercials for hamburgers? Any for McDonald's?

Burke scores vary with the product. Detergents, for example, tend to test well; cereals test average. The scores are scaled from one to 100. For cereal, a score of less than 20 is considered poor; 25 is respectable; over 30 is exciting, and a score of 50 is sufficient reason to break out the champagne. Unfortunately for the jingle houses, music does not tend to test as well as, say, a slice-of-life commercial. The consensus is that music has a cumulative effect: the more you hear it, the more it can work its wiles. Often the agency will contrive its spots to accommodate the client's attitude toward the Burke test. For example, a jingle tests best if the name of the product is mentioned within the first four bars. One jingle house head explains, "If a company loves Burkes, you don't use music in their spots." He adds, "Music can also have a cumulative negative effect: the more you hear the jingle, the more you hate the product."

There are various specialty jingle houses servicing the ad agencies. Many ethnic groups remain unmoved by the mid-American soundtracks so often used to sell soap. Those soft sounds trickling out of AM radios—what Alice Cooper referred to as "housewife rock"—are not wildly effective in black or

Hispanic communities. Further, since many jingles are adapted for global use, the agencies require musicians who are familiar with a variety of idioms. One such specialty house is Latin Sound run by Marco and Sylvia Rosales, which supplies both originals and adaptations of commercials for the Spanish market. Among their credits are the Spanish voices for the bugs in the Raid spot and the elves in the Keebler commercials.

The Real Thing

Suzanne Ciani's specialty is electronic music. Like Ginny Redington, she is in her early 30's, but her interest in music is purely technical.

When General Motors needed a campaign to promote its 1977 line of smaller cars, it spiced its spots with Ciani's synthesized computer sounds. At one stage of

her career, she was regarded as a "disease composer," creating the sounds of nasal drip, muscle aches, and head-cold distress. She would sit in the studio for hours, creating the sounds of anguish. Ciani is aware that she was launching a thousand headaches: "The motivation in this kind of music is to produce the discomfort and the tensions, however subconsciously, in the viewer, and then the relief comes at the point that he knows he was uncomfortable. He may not realize it at the time. You try to induce that reaction." These were musical problems for her, not medical problems. "You're not thinking of those millions of headaches. You're thinking of the musical structure."

Electronic music works well in advertising because it deals in caricature—in vastly simplified harmonic and dynamic structures. A beautifully complex

acoustic sound, say a single note on a piano, is to its electronic equivalent as a duck is to Donald. These cartoon versions are easily recognized and recalled.

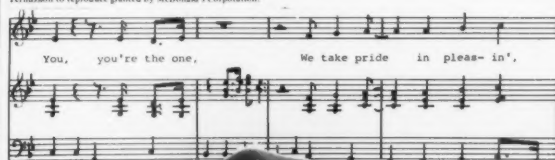
She has served up her synthesized sounds for, among others, Promise margarine, Crystal Springs shampoo, Uni-Royal sneakers, and MJB coffee. Every film produced by Columbia Pictures is tagged with the musical logo she composed. The jingle "Coke Adds Life" ends with the sound of soda pouring into a glass. Those are electronic bubbles created by Ciani, to sound more real than the real thing. She performed a similar re-creation job for a jai alai commercial. Ciani went through the film of a match, replacing each shot with a synthesized version that sounds more authentic than the original.

Memorability is the operative word on Madison Avenue. The potential consumer must waltz down the street with the Diet Rite theme buzzing in his head. One shortcut to the cortex is to adapt a pop tune, already burned into the subject's synapses, as a ditty. Thus the Beach Boys' "California Girls" re-emerges as "Herbal Essence Girls." There is a kind of revisionist history at work here. When Bill Haley's "Rock Around the Clock" blasts out of the radio of a '62 Chevy, one is expected to conjure up the first three gritty minutes of *Blackboard Jungle*. Currently bastardized as "Shop Around the Clock," visions of Vic Morrow in black leather have been supplanted by the cheerful reminder that Pathmark stores are now open all night.

One of the most successful tune transplants was the application of Carly Simon's "Anticipation" to a Heinz ketchup commercial. Simon, apparently tired of teasing from friends, has resisted new attempts to acquire her songs. This agency failure was not for lack of good bait. Payments have ranged up to \$50,000 for commercial use of a pop tune.

Some rock stars have transformed themselves into hucksters. Joey Levine penned a string of top-ten songs in the late '60s spearheaded by "Yummy Yummy" and "Chewy Chewy." Reincarnated as a

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Ginny Redington scored big on her first jingle. She followed McDonald's with "Take Me I'm Yours."

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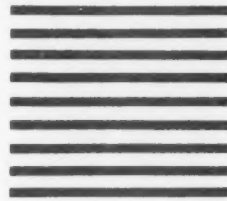
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BARRY MANILOW: KING OF HUCKSTER ROCK

Certain landmarks of literature, from the plays of Shakespeare to *Gravity's Rainbow*, have provoked controversy about their true authorship. Such is the fate of the first McDonald's jingle, "You Deserve a Break Today." The accepted public account assigns compositional credit to pop star Barry Manilow. This rumor, quite false, has dogged his career and engendered a great deal of resentment in the commercial industry. His public relations firm, Solters and Roskin, has become sufficiently concerned to include a disclaimer by Manilow in his press package: "And to settle the matter once and for all, no, I did not write 'You Deserve a Break Today.' There were numerous versions of that McDonald's jingle. On several of them, I was one of a group of singers; on one, I did a solo." Kevin Gavin, whose jingle house created the spot, confirms this, saying: "Sid Woloshin and I wrote that one."

Manilow wrote, arranged, and sang for commercials in the early days of his career, while he was half of the duo Jeannie and Barry. He later became the house pianist at the Continental Baths, where he met Bette Midler. He became her music director and toured with her show. In 1973, when Midler took a year off, Manilow went into the studio to record his first album. It was when he mounted his first national tour to promote that record that he decided to include jingles in his act. "I didn't have a hit single at the time of my first tour," he said, "and so I decided to include the only material I was associated with that the audience knew: my commercials. I called it 'VSM,' or 'Very Strange Medley.'"

His performance included jingles for State Farm insurance, Band-Aids, and Bowlene toilet cleaner, all of which he actually wrote. Also included in the medley were spots for Kentucky Fried Chicken, Stride, Chevrolet, Dr. Pepper, Pepsi, Jack-in-the-Box, and the now legendary McDonald's theme. These were all numbers that Manilow sang but did not compose.

Barry Manilow is the most visible manifestation of the intimate



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relationship between pop music and jingles. The audience response to his "VSM" has been so positive that he continues to include it in his act, although he can now boast of a string of chart-topping singles, including "Mandy," "I Write the Songs," and "It Looks Like We Made It." All four of his albums have had sales of more than \$1 million. His newest album, *Barry Manilow, Live*, was released this spring by Arista Records. It includes "Very Strange Medley."

giant of jingles, Levine was able to adapt both of his chart-busters as jingles for junk food. He went on to write "Sometimes You Feel Like a Nut" for Peter Paul Almond Joys and "You Asked for It, You Got It" for Toyota.

Jingle writer Charlie Morrow, best known for "Your Windsong Stays on My Mind," which he wrote for Windsong perfume, believes that the relationship of Madison Avenue to Tin Pan Alley is "generally a me-too situation," the jingles following the lead of the pop charts. But sometimes the roles are reversed. The theme from Jack-in-the-Box was number one with a bullet for Rodney Allen Rippey, and the Coke jingle "I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing" became a monster hit internationally.

In the '60s, when listener loyalty to specific bands ran high, The Yardbirds and the Blues Magoos cut spots for Great Shakes; the Jefferson Airplane

sang for White Levis; and everybody sang for Coke. Ray Charles and Aretha Franklin did their first joint recording for a Coca-Cola commercial. (Some of these spots have become quite valuable among collectors of pop artifacts. A good tape of the Troggs singing a Miller beer commercial is worth several hundred dollars.)

Today, pop bands command far less loyalty and rarely get jingle jobs. The current Ray Charles spot for Scotch recording tape shows him on camera, something unheard of a decade ago. That spot and Paul Anka's "The Times of Your Life" for Kodak are more in the vein of celebrity endorsements. This change in the relationship of pop to jingle is apparent in other aspects of the sound of jingles. The solo voice is de-emphasized in favor of the large, anonymous choral effect. The attempt is no longer to link the product to a specific singer, but to bathe the listener in a sea of

friendly voices.

Children have been particularly receptive to taking a dip in that sea of voices. Parents have frequently reported that their pre-school children ignore the programs on television, but attend to ads. For many youngsters, the jingle has superseded the nursery rhyme. The play *Equus* acknowledged the attractiveness of jingles to kids, particularly disturbed kids. When the boy was portrayed at the extremes of psychotic withdrawal, he communicated with his psychiatrist only by singing the Doublemint chewing gum jingle.

Religious Icons

Thanks to Walter Mack, the jingle today permeates modern culture. Song writer Charlie Morrow sees the jingle as almost a religious icon of industrial society. "Jingles are mantric," he says. "They are repeated end-

lessly and are invariable. The jingle is a hypnotic element, promoting not only the product itself, but the values and institutions of the society that created the product. It tries to rivet them on your brain."

And what of Walter Mack, the father of it all? How does his innovation appear in the light of the modern jingle? "I don't know that I'm proud of it now, when I listen to some of them on the air, because some of them, I think, are not very entertaining or amusing." Mack is hardly retired from either cola or commercials. "I'm working on bringing out a new cola now, which we're going to start to test out this month in Indianapolis. We think it's an improvement on Pepsi and Coke as far as taste is concerned. We've named it King Cola, the king of colas, and our motto is going to be: 'Twice as nice; about half the price.'"

There's music in that. ■



WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BROADWAY CRITICS?

Not This Critic, Who Names The Good Guys And The Bad Guys

Bringing down the curtain on Clive Barnes.

BY GERALD NACHMAN

Nobody will say who first invited Greeks in rumpled togas with pencils and pads to the opening night of *The Frogs* in 405 B.C., but they must have written raves because the critics have been asked back ever since.

By now, panning critics is a national pastime only a shade less popular than playgoing itself. Walter Kerr once said that people love reading pans so they'll have an excuse not to see the plays, which may explain why critics have had such a long run. They're more adored than anyone dares admit.

No matter what happens to a show, it's sure to be traced back to a critic. The show itself is blameless, a mere bystander. If *Annie* had folded, it would have been Clive Barnes' fault forever. The evil critics do lives after them; the good notices are oft-interred with their bones—after being used in the ads.

Perhaps for self-protection, critics cast themselves in various parts, or poses. Some—Martin Gottfried, John Simon—play the hard-nosed, idealistic, investigative reporter, trench coats smartly buckled, slipping quietly and intrepidly into their aisle seats ready to root out the latest artistic corruption on stage and blow the whistle on any dramatic malfeasance.

Others don the mask of consumer expert—Douglas Watt, Richard Watts—reporting whether this or that comic premise works, telling us when someone wants to rip us off in a costly but ill-made musical, laying out the hard facts of how a Chekhov revival is put together and falls apart in the second act.

The traditional (if untrue) impression of a critic is someone along the snappy lines of Addison DeWitt, the acidic critic played by George Sanders in *All About Eve*, a clever man for all seasons, but a snake in the grass. Few critics have ever pulled that one off in life—except John Simon, who makes good publicity difficult for his colleagues, most of whom regard themselves as reasonable men with generous hearts and open minds trying to make the world safe for art, beauty, taste, and truth. Instead, they get booed on TV talk shows.

Most critics try to act like gentlemen in print, but they still separate into the Good Guys and the Bad Guys. The white hats are Watt, Watts, and Kerr; the black moustaches are Barnes, Gottfried, Simon; the guy in the grey hat is Gill.

Gottfried of the *New York Post* isn't the public blackguard Simon

is, but he's considered, by some, a smartypants, maybe because he's still the new boy on the block, despite a long, respectable, and rather quiet career at *Women's Wear Daily*; and he is smart.

Unpredictability is a lovable virtue in most critics, but Gottfried baffles readers who can't quite get a reading on his aesthetic. It unnerves theater people and publicists who like their critics less surprising and more quotable. Gottfried remains the shadowy loner. He was one of the few critics who enjoyed *Pacific Overtures* and kept telling people to go back if they didn't like it the first time.

It isn't his opinions people don't like, so much as his tone of voice. He can sound grouchy and sassy and is said to shoot from the hip, but at least he knows what he likes and is willing to say so. If he's not always reliable, he's readable, and he doesn't know any weasel words. He dubs things "utter wastes" or "colossal bores" and has written off Henry Fonda, William Inge, and *The Iceman Cometh*.

In his book, *The Critics*, Broadway conductor Lehman Engel devotes 32 pages to what amounts to a verbal mugging of Gottfried. "Mr. Martin Gottfried," he says, "is a non-factual, non-thinking, and lazy journalist for failing to find out simple facts before hurling reckless calumnies." Engel is a big fan of the reckless calumny himself: "His [Gottfried's] arrogance, ignorance, pretentiousness, and suspicious nature describe the Beckmesser of *Die Meistersinger*—a fool lacking humanity and talent." Ouch.

During his half-century as a drama critic, I doubt if anybody ever got very mad at Richard Watts, who was gradually retired from the *Post* last year to make room for that upstart, Gottfried.

Watts reviewed plays so long that he probably could have compared Richard Burton's *Hamlet* to Richard Burbage's, if he'd wanted to name-drop, but Watts wasn't your show-off type. Although he didn't quit daily criticism until nearly 80, in print Watts was always a retiring sort: modest, kindly, workmanlike, as placid as Gottfried is pushy.

He was never a threat, never a force, toward the end more of a foxy grandpa, a sort of stage-door watchman who had seen 'em come and go and was not about to become too enraptured or incensed over anything. Watts was so reflective, so full of ruminations and remembrances of the Lunts and early Enid Bagnold plays, that reading him regularly was like sitting at the foot of some crusty old trouper.

Because Watts had seen so much, you listened to him for any casual wisdom he might let fall into a review when you weren't paying attention. If Watts said the latest revival of *The Misanthrope* wasn't up to snuff—well, chances are it wasn't. You must take a man like Watts at his word.

Gerald Nachman, a columnist and critic for the *New York Daily News*, was, for five years, a theater and film critic for the *Oakland Tribune*.



Watts was too busy recalling old evenings to write trippingly on the keys, yet he always remained calm and coherent in the face of disaster or ecstasy. Watts knew, as only a critic can who has seen *Abie's Irish Rose* and *My Fair Lady*, that this, too, shall pass.

Watts' real charm was his honesty in the face of indecision. He was more deft at uncertainty than most critics are at love and hate. No critic has ever been more willing to confess confusion. Of *Veronica's Room*, he wrote: "I was unable to figure what it was supposed to be about. I thought I understood what the first act was saying, but the second bewildered me completely." Of *Butley*, he said: "I must admit [the play] has been a great success in London and so it must have something important to say about the state of English colleges that continues to elude me."

You have to love a man with guts like that.

Doug Watt is no relation to Dick Watts, except in his mild-mannered critical temperament, his friendly, forbearing, forgiving attitude toward the theater, and his sparse, no-nonsense prose. He doesn't see himself, like many critics, as a correspondent on the battlements sending back dispatches to the folks at home, risking his artistic soul in the bunkers along W. 44th Street and in off-off-Broadway minefields, where you're liable to be assaulted by enemy playwrights from the La Mama Theater or wild Polish directors spoiling for trouble.

Being a drama critic at the *Daily News* must leave a man filled with frustration and freedom. No matter what Watt says about a show, it's not likely to make much difference, so he can say what he pleases—and so he does. Watt can be his own man without worrying that Alex Cohen may crumble.

If Watt pans a new Pinter play, he's not likely to be called on it the next night at Sardi's by a tableful of readers. It is largely a matter between Watt and his God (and Harold Pinter).

While Watt doesn't get to be as feared as Barnes or Gottfried, he's paid for his powerlessness in respect. Doug Watt is respected like crazy, even by theater people who never read him and would rather pick on Barnes for practice.

So Watt labors quietly, diligently, and authoritatively. He has to be as concise and precise as somebody calling in a murder down at the police shack. There's no room to ponder and wander, much less strut. You have to make up your mind if you only get nine inches to do it in. At the *Times* and the *Post*, there are acres of space in which to equivocate all over the place.

In a review of a musical called *Come Dance with Me*, Watt led off with: "Count *Come Dance with Me* among the season's disasters." Watt won't play games, especially hide-and-seek. He'll tell you what he thinks in four-star clarity: of a play called *Little Black Sheep*, he concluded: "It is, quite simply, a bad play by a possibly promising author whom the New York Shakespeare Festival might have served better with some trial performances downtown at the Public Theater."

A man learns to write mighty direct in a tabloid, but it also trains writers to be tricky, to unleash sentences that don't end, so as not to be chopped off in mid-idea as easily. You take a point and run with it, avoiding the copy desk at every comma. Watt's pieces, from time to time, have this out-of-breath quality, especially on Sunday, when he stretches out like a man who has been cooped up in a subway all week.

Watt won't put up with bad theater any more than Gottfried, but he puts it down more softly, with feeling. He not only knows theater (and music), he even likes it; he seems not to harbor grudges and never sounds wronged. For a critic who has to say what he thinks in under an hour, and write it on a postcard, there's nobody better, and he rarely looks silly the next morning. Or even the next year.

Watt's leisurely opposite is Brendan Gill, who is as competent, civilized, and informed as any reader could want in a critic. Yet Gill is steeped in *The New Yorker's* well-known studied nonchalance, a slight fear of being caught trying too hard or caring too much, of

John Patrick Naughton



Douglas Watt

How appropriate it is that a man who can turn out a theater review in 20 minutes also wrote a pop song for Frankie Laine in the 1950s titled "There's Not a Moment to Spare." But that's Douglas Watt of the *Daily News* who, at 63, has the widest reviewing experience among the active critics in New York.

Almost as soon as he joined the *News* as a copyboy in 1936, Watt was begging reviewing assignments. A year later, one of the *News's* critics left the paper and Watt had his first break.

Despite 40 years of reviewing, Watt seems as enthusiastic about his craft as ever, ducking into pay telephones to request last-minute word changes and still enjoying the challenge of deadline writing. But he shows some signs of fatigue.

"I think I show poor sense sitting through some of these

shows," he says. "I only walk out of two or three a year because I feel an obligation to my audience to sit through them, to provide a full account." After a tough stretch of stinkers, he admits, he has trouble recalling one show from another.

Watt prefers to review opening night, not a preview, and write his review while still flushed with enthusiasm or animosity. "If I write up a preview I take more time than I should. I start to have second thoughts, but they're not any better than my first thoughts."

Unless a show is a classic or a foreign import, Watt does not prepare in advance. He avoids reading publicity materials sent him by producers. And he has particular contempt for the Sunday *Times* advancers in which a playwright explains what his new work is about. "Who the hell cares?" he asks.



taking Broadway too seriously. He may care as much as Kerr, but his pieces sound aloof and have an air that some found "snobby" in his bestseller, *Here at The New Yorker*.

Here at the theater, he seems to suggest, nothing is worth getting too wrought up about, thus reviews trail off into "Lighting is by Tharon Musser and sets by Ming Cho Lee" (theater by Nederlanders?).

It all sounds too much like a routine job of reporting in "Talk of the Town" on, say, a semi-amusing cocktail party. Gill is "fine" (as he might put it) but it is peculiar that at *The New Yorker*, which has all those impassioned critics of movies, dance, even baseball, the Broadway critic appears bored. Gill's profiles of Tallulah Bankhead, Philip Barry, and Cole Porter have more warmth and flair and, yes, theatricality, than some of his theater criticism.

John Simon, on the (extremely) contrary, is a throwback to those dear old nasty days of George Jean Nathan, Alexander Woolcott, and Dorothy Parker, when people first sensed what drama critics were made of—lizards and snails and puppy dogs' tails. It's a swell act if you can keep it up, and Simon has. Whatever he's reviewing (theater for *New Leader*, films for *New York*), he always leaves 'em loathing.

What is overlooked in the charges of needless cruelty is that Simon writes like a demon as well as behaves like one, and that too often he turns out to be uncomfortably correct. As someone has said, reviewing his collected reviews, there's a Simon the Good (cultured, witty, a seeker of purity and perfection in all forms, especially actresses' noses and breasts) and Simon the Bad (who is out for blood and hisses).

When Clive Barnes took over as daily *Times* drama critic in 1967, he came in with a reputation as that breezy British chap on the ballet beat. To cover ballet and earn a rep, you'd better be breezy as hell. Barnes was fresh air along the Rialto, especially after the arid prose of Stanley Kauffmann, whose stuff read like C.L. Sulzberger at the circus.

As a dance critic Barnes got noticed by people who don't know an *entrechat* from a Gelsey Kirkland. His ballet criticism is, even now, full of loving concern. He has a charming way around a dance floor that has never quite translated to the Broadway stage; he lost it at the theater. His dance reviews are still breezy, but his dramatic criticism is chill and—well, drafty. It's coldly analytical, unfelt.

When Barnes insisted on hanging on to ballet as well as Broadway, certain playgoers got suspicious. Covering dance and drama together (which often meant forsaking a first night for a last preview in order not to miss a ballet premiere) must be like covering the House and Senate at the same time. Somebody is going to feel neglected and unloved, and sooner or later the critic is sure to exhaust himself.

All of this rankled playgoers, many of whom had not forgiven Barnes the terrible sin of being British. They claim he can't possibly understand *The Year of Your Life*, say, because he has no experience in San Francisco waterfront saloons, and that a big splashy all-American musical like, say, *Rex*, eludes him.

It isn't that Barnes is so British (Kenneth Tynan is, too, but nobody seems to mind, or notice). It's just that he's so Barnesish: backing into opinions; consulting himself as he goes along; arriving at a judgment in the last line; carrying the brunt of the American theater on his back; executing triple-reverse opinions that say Yes and No at once.

Actually, when you go to read Barnes over again, he sounds better than if you encounter him overnight, when he reads rather like a foggy day in London town. The morning after, his pronouncements feel soft around the edges, but it's hard to find just what's missing.

There's nothing so wrong with the writing, except for a recent tendency to sound important. You detect the faint echo and aroma of panels, classrooms, and seminars on "The Critic & the Theater in America." His comments are well-considered, maybe too much so; they just don't connect. Even now, ten

years later, Barnes reads like a drama critic trying to prove himself to someone—his readers, his colleagues, his critics, maybe himself. He writes defensively.

In print, he fusses and fidgets, circles and waltzes. He winds up for 14 paragraphs only to toss a soft knuckler. In first-year journalism terms, he buries his lead (his opinion) and, some claim, his head. In a 1972 review of *Mourning Becomes Electra*, he began:

"More and more, it seems that the future of the theater, even the future of the Broadway theater, rests with the non-profit institutional theater, and this, I think, is something to be warmly welcomed." He's off and dawdling. Paragraph two goes on: "Although it is larger, the new Circle in the Square maintains much the same intimacy and ambience of its downtown predecessor . . ." The piece chugs forward, with a review of the house's acoustics and decor (both raves).

In paragraph three, Barnes announces that a play was put on last night, debates the cut versus the uncut version, comments on O'Neill as a writer, disgorge the entire plot and, midway into the review, approaches the production itself. He doesn't say what he thought of it, though, until the next-to-last line, where he calls it "a distinguished production."

It's as if you sent a man to cover the Cuban missile crisis and he returned with a piece on the Monroe Doctrine and a backgrounder on early Spanish settlers in the Western Hemisphere.

All critics have wishy-washy days, but too often Clive Barnes has been the Charlie Brown of Broadway critics, even when it was apparent to everybody else that his true instinct was to bludgeon a bloody play over the head. Confronting *Pacific Overtures*, Barnes was so apologetic about his reservations that he kept bowing politely as he made his way around the Stephen Sondheim musical about Commodore Perry's attempt to open up trade with Japan—a complex show with a clunky theme that gave critics more than their usual opening-night jitters.

Any new Sondheim show is a Broadway event, and a critic

prays it's good because if it's bad, brother, you've got a lot of explaining to do. Barnes may have, in fact, liked it, but his review sounds as if he wasn't there. It might have been written from advance releases: "Deserving of serious attention . . . Mr. Sondheim is the most remarkable man in the Broadway musical today . . . The attempt is most bold and the achievement so fascinating, that its obvious faults"—name one, I dare you—"demand to be overlooked." (They do?)

Toward the end, Barnes wrenches loose half an opinion: "It tries to soar," he says. "The music and lyrics are as pretty and well-formed as a bonsai tree" (maybe it's a musical for gardeners). His curtain line: "*Pacific Overtures* is very, very different." Ah, the classic evasion: it's what Sondheim's friends must have told him backstage.

Barnes' turning point, when he changed from a fairly tough critic into a fairly soft touch, might almost be traced to the day (Dec. 31, 1970) when the cast of *Lovely Ladies, Kind Gentlemen* (a musical version of *Teahouse of the August Moon*) picketed the *Times* with placards shouting: "Clive Gets My Goat!" (the show boasted a goat), "Get a Critic Not a Gravedigger," and "End Foreign Rule. Clive Go Home!"

It must have shaken Clive up a bit, only three years into the job, to be marched on like a war-mongering president. After that, it always seemed, Barnes began throwing qualifiers into his reviews like celery in a Waldorf salad: "provocative," "interesting," "most ambitious," and "well-intentioned." When a critic starts stammering like that, you know he's in trouble and faking it, looking around for the nearest exits.

Barnes began having second, third, even fourth thoughts (often in the same paragraph). He became an Indian giver, saying that a show wasn't very good but well worth seeing, or that it was superb musical comedy with a few weak spots, such as the music and the comedy. He called *The Lincoln Mask* "worthily inconsequential."

When he enjoys a show,



Barnes writes as well as the next man (provided it isn't Walter Kerr). His lead for *That Championship Season* was: "Joseph Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival, with the laconic grace of a Wilt Chamberlain, last night scored the first hit of the Broadway season." (Maybe his Englishness *does* matter—shouldn't that be "point," not "hit"?)

It's hard to hate a man who has trouble hating, and wants to be helpful, but Barnes seems to have decided that he'd rather be well-liked (like Willie Loman) than influential. He killed himself with kindness, by bending over backwards, qualifying himself out of a job Richard Eder now inherits:

So far, Eder has shown "great promise," as the critics couch it, but all sorts of people (disappointed office-seekers, dubious colleagues) are waiting in the wings for Eder to muffle his big break on Broadway.

Like Kerr, Eder is of the Imagist School of criticism, a careful stylist with an eye for detail, an ear for language, and maybe even a nose for news. A recent review of *The Guardsman* in Stratford, Ontario, began: "Having Maggie Smith do Shakespeare is like harnessing a circus pony to a hay wagon. All the delicate curvettings, those most nuanced and individual prancings, are lost in the general effort." In brief, he liked her, but Eder may have a similar problem: too many delicate curvettings and nuanced individual prancings.

Eder hasn't been tested against the midnight clock, but fifteen years as a foreign correspondent covering government overthrows and other cataclysms can't hurt; it may even help him explain musicals about trade with Japan. We won't know till fall how well his literary grace holds up under the pressures of deadlines and deadly evenings. However, anyone who can survive two years of reviewing Hollywood seconds should be in shape for anything Broadway can fling at him.

Even at 64, Walter Kerr is still much too good, and has way too much youthful enthusiasm, to be kicked upstairs as Dean of the Broadway Critics.

Kerr has his crotchets, but he writes with the zest and glee of a

John Patrick Naughton



Richard Watts and Martin Gottfried

For most critics, a reviewing career that began with the silent movies and rolled on for 53 years would be full enough—but not for Richard Watts. At 78, he is still bitter about the way former *New York Post* owner Dorothy Schiff eased him out as the daily critic in 1974 and, last year, took his weekly column from him. "She didn't want me around any longer," Watts says. "She told me, 'You're older than I am. I think we've been in this thing long enough.'"

Watts may have been done in as much by genteelness as by age. He was sparing with his pans and unwilling to raise the hopes of his readers with a rave. "I never actually recommended anything," he once wrote. "I wouldn't dare." His fellow critics spoke of him as the "most gracious" and "gentle" of reviewers, particu-

larly in his later years.

His review of the Broadway musical *Irene* was typical. "I don't believe anyone ever had illusions that *Irene* was a musical or that its composers were rivals of Cole Porter," he wrote. "Nor has it been given a brilliant revival. But it has been imaginatively directed by Gower Champion who brings out its good points."

Watts wrote the first drama column for the *Columbia Daily Spectator*, while still in college. He later reviewed for the *Brooklyn Times* and *New York Herald-Tribune*. He joined the *Post* in 1946.

Watts wrote his reviews at home in less than two hours, finishing them before midnight, when a *Post* messenger would arrive at his door. He saw about four shows a week and reviewed them all, including the stinkers.

"If I had to sit through it," he says, "I made sure I got a piece out of it."

Watts rarely prepared for a review by reading scripts or other criticism. "I liked to go into it cold," he says. "Only once or twice, when I felt it might be difficult, have I read the play first."

Though retired, he still has the itch. He is currently doing freelance work as a critic.

The man the *Post* hired to replace Richard Watts is about as different in style as a critic could be. "Readers should not be encouraged to decide for themselves," says Martin Gottfried, which may explain why he is the most extreme of New York's daily reviewers, and the most often critical. Consider his review of the musical *Molly*: "A mess—unamusing, untouching, uninteresting, and unnecessary. It is utterly without imagination and originality, shabbily professional in a past tense, and Broadway businesslike in only the most cynical way."

The sarcasm of Gottfried's reviews led Lehman Engel, author of *The Critics*, to dub him "the illiterate John Simon." While he cannot match the theater going experience of most of his colleagues he is, at 43, hardly a theater "illiterate."

After dropping out of Columbia Law School, he covered Off-Broadway for *Women's Wear Daily* and music for the *Village Voice*. At 29, he became the chief reviewer for *WWD* and the youngest man to be elected to the New York Drama Critics Circle. The *Post* tapped him to replace Watts in 1974. He also won two Rockefeller Foundation grants to study theater in Europe, Canada, and the U.S.

Gottfried sees three or four shows a week on Broadway and off during the peak of the season. Unlike Watts, he believes in advance preparation. If he's reviewing a classic, he'll read it before the performance, sometimes more than once. "The better prepared you are," he says, "the better your review will be." He also reads academic criticism. But he does not, he says, read the work of the other New York critics.



newcomer hoping to catch the reader's eye. He never merely writes a review: he entertains, he explains, he puts on a dazzling intellectual show in the *Times* every Sunday when critics are supposed to rest.

Ever since Kerr gave up writing overnight, it's been fashionable to say he doesn't count, to dismiss him, but he won't go away. If Kerr ever folds, it will be like *The Fantasticks* closing. He's taken seriously, but for granted.

What separates Kerr from the boys, apart from his fluid, florid style (his Sunday pieces are often so elegant and tightly stitched they seem out of another time, when giant essayists like Edmund Wilson roamed), is that he has ideas, not just judgments, about what he watches.

Kerr spins out original theories (not just lucid but tough) about a play like *Moon for the Misbegotten* as prettily and deftly as he reports what Colleen Dewhurst does with her left foot in Act II. In a wondrous piece he did last spring on Bette Davis, Kerr argued that the dog-eared notion about her was all wrong, in fact backwards—that Bette Davis had always played a bitch because underneath the characters were good girls screaming to get out; they only behaved badly to get men's attention.

Kerr has ideas like this all the time. In one piece, he had leapfrogged over decades of tired talk about Bette Davis and established himself as a leading expert on her, and indeed on much of Hollywood. Kerr could review furniture every Sunday and involve you in the essence of kitchen chairs.

Kerr has the passion (and the writer's ego) to believe that no play, no actor, has been properly seen until he's seen it—and told you about it. It's the stuff of cub reporting, of what keeps Kerr on top of the aesthetic news after 30 years on the aisle.

Recently, I found myself behind him at *A Party with Betty Comden and Adolph Green*, which he liked. I didn't, so I watched him, not them. At a show, Kerr sits dolefully, as at a violin recital, chin on his hand, scribbling on a *Playbill*, displaying nothing that could be

described as any emotion other than total boredom. I was sure he'd later lay into the show, but, as it turned out, he was having the time of his life.

I should have known, for it's just the sort of show Kerr would like (traditional, packed full of "moments") and Comden and Green are two of his pets. Others he regularly strokes are Sandy Dennis, Robert Preston, Carol Channing, Irene Worth, and Tammy Grimes.

If Kerr has a weakness, it's that

Kerr is by far the best reporter of what goes on up there on stage—how it looked and felt, the smell and sound and spectacle of it all. In a single throwaway phrase, he recalls Vereen's entire performance in *Jesus Christ, Superstar*. He can give you the exact flesh-and-blood sense of a phrase without waxing on about the direction. He recreates it on paper.

Kerr isn't just showing off. The lavish descriptions serve his purpose as a reporter. To call Phil

Theater people also like Kerr because he can take a show apart and put it back together without breaking any egos. He never seems to be lurking in his seat, waiting to pounce. No matter how provoked, Kerr won't punch anyone out in print. He inflicts wounds with a feathery touch. Even his wisecracks are cushioned in wisdom.

"Little as we wish to," he wrote of *Mourning Becomes Electra*, "I think we must take a good deep breath and face the fact that [the play] doesn't work . . . We keep postponing the deed . . ."

Kerr hasn't found a way to deal with off-off-Broadway (but then who has?), and some of the modern Theater of Whatsis movements can put him in a foot-stamping mood. His review of Andrei Serban's absurdist revival of *The Cherry Orchard* asked: "Why? Why? Why? Why?"

Kerr's major fault is that he doesn't appear more often. When he covered openings, he was the ideal man in the ideal place. Lately, the *Times* has been using him to help fill "Living" space and while away the "Weekend," but his midweek pieces read as if they're done hastily, on order, in the margins of his *Playbills*.

If Kerr doesn't focus on a specific show, he can grow as overweight as any critic on Sunday who starts thinking too hard. Sunday tends to make even alert critics drowsy. Kerr tries to fight it off, but now and then he daydreams about The Future of the Theater, Whither Off-Broadway? and other perennials of the "Arts & Leisure" section.

When Kerr is grabbed by a play, or a performance, he can still write the bejabbers out of it. He's as good as Tynan, nicer than Nathan, less empurpled than Woolcott, more amusing than Atkinson and smarter than all get-out. Walter Kerr is the critic's critic, the actor's critic, the reader's critic. He isn't quite perfect but he's getting there.

So critics do count, though nobody will confess it for fear of encouraging them. How much they matter remains a biblical debate. Who knows how many critics can dance on the head of a Tony?



The new musical version of "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz"

An exception to the rule: three critics, including Clive Barnes, told readers to stay away from The Wiz. But the musical has been easing on down the road for two-and-a-half years.

he's a pushover for clowns and quirks and girls with kooky voices, for flamboyance and energy—the very things that fuel his own performances. Hand him a show like *Pippin* and Kerr may well upstage it: "The kingdom of musical comedy has left the back gate open and the wandering minstrels are streaming through again," he began his overture.

Or give him a crack at Ben Vereen and stand back: "It is especially heartening to see Mr. Vereen, after his savage romance with a microphone as Judas in *Jesus Christ, Superstar*, working free, nimbly confiding in the audience, dynamically filling the proscenium with arched elbows and precise stride . . ."

Silvers a "pure delight," or some such weary dodge, is just sloppy reporting, a press agent's hand-out. What Kerr does is a splendid line drawing, a verbal Hirschfeld caricature, capturing Silvers in *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*:

"Mr. Silvers is a very mysterious man. His jokes aren't like other people's jokes. Other comedians carefully lay in a foundation and then wham you with a surprise. Silvers whams with no foundation, which may be illegal . . . Well, enough of this trying to account for the man. We mustn't look a gift laugh in the teeth, certainly not when they're Mr. Silvers' teeth, bared in a ghastly smile."



CRITIC POWER: WHO HAS IT?

Ten-Year Study of Theater Reviews Proves Their Power Is Not A Myth

The pan is mightier than the rave.

The following article is the result of a six-month-long study of the power of the Broadway theater critics. The basic research was conducted by John Kochevar and Gilda LePatner of New York University. Further statistical analysis was provided by James Inglis of the University of Rochester.

In 1915, the Shubert brothers physically barred *New York Times* drama critic Alexander Woollcott from the Maxine Elliott Theater. Woollcott had written a particularly nasty notice of their play *Taking Chances*, and, not wanting to take any further chances with the reviewer, the theater owners retaliated by simply closing their doors. *Times* patriarch Adolph Ochs rose to the challenge. He immediately cancelled all Shubert advertising and took the theater owners to court over such blatant prior restraint of the press.

If the power of New York theater critics had been in doubt before the opening act of the Shubert-Woollcott drama, it was confirmed by the time the curtain came down and the Shuberts conceded. Woollcott was given more space, a byline, and a raise by the *Times*. The very thought of him, locked in a room of the Algonquin Hotel with Heywood Brown of the *Tribune*, pounding out death notices for shows in 30 minutes, was enough to make the most confident producers on Broadway tremble.

Woollcott did nothing to discourage the image. He once boasted of wiping the blood off his cuffs after writing a review. And, after his triumph over the Shuberts, he told a friend, "Yes, they threw me out and now I'm basking in the fierce white light that beats upon the throne."

Today, 60 years later, the New York theater critics are still very much in the spotlight. But, while Woollcott enjoyed the leading role and relished his clout, today's critics are more inclined to play down their power. "Producers close shows, not critics," says Clive Barnes, until recently Woollcott's heir at the *Times*. The other critics agree (not something they often do) and even go out of their way to avoid the appearance of power by not talking to each other after a show.

Nevertheless, the power of the theater critics is perceived to be even greater today than it was in Woollcott's time. In 1968, after a poor season, producer David Merrick threatened to throw Clive Barnes' "fat limey ass in the street." He didn't. Harold Clurman, author of the 1966 comedy *Where's Daddy?*, said that after Walter Kerr "savaged" the play in the *Times*, he couldn't get 200 people into the theater. William Goldman, author of *The Season*, a book about one year in the life of the Broadway theater, blamed the *Times* for a \$180,000 loss on the play *I Never Sang for My Father*. And *Time* magazine, writing about Barnes, said, "His raves can light up mar-quees for two years; his pans have flushed million-dollar musicals into the Hudson River."

Which is it? Do the critics really have the power of life and death that is attributed to them by Broadway mythology? Or are they, as the critics themselves believe, minor characters, their power only in the eyes of the beheld?

The Findings

Answers to these questions have been, at best, conjecture and, at worst, self-serving. No one has bothered to systematically review the reviewers.

In an effort to answer these questions, MORE analyzed 779 reviews of 206 plays which opened on Broadway during the decade between 1967 and 1976. The reviews examined were written by the five major critics working for New York's daily newspapers: Clive Barnes and Walter Kerr of *The New York Times*; Douglas Watt of the *New York Daily News* and Richard Watts and Martin Gottfried of the *New York Post*. The reviews were rated according to the strength of recommendation and correlated with the length of run of the shows. Among our findings were:

- When the critics expressed a strong negative or positive opinion about a play, there was a marked correlation with the length of run. Of all the pans written by all the critics that we examined, nearly three-quarters of them were of plays that closed in less than 50 days.
- The correlation between length of run and reviews is more dramatic for negative reviews than it is for positive ones. Ninety-one per cent of all the plays panned by Clive Barnes, for example, had runs of less than 50 days—strong confirmation of the belief that when the *Times* nixes a show it doesn't have a very good chance of succeeding. By contrast, 28 per cent of the plays raved by Barnes had long runs of more than 500 days.
- When the critics do not express a strong opinion, there is, as might be expected, much less correlation between what they say and how long a play runs. This is true of mixed reviews as well as those reviews which praise a play but stop short of a rave and those that criticize but stop short of a pan. Thus, on the average, looking at all the reviews, the correlation with length of run is much less marked.
- The critics tend to write at the extremes: nearly half of all the reviews analyzed were either raves or pans. They also tend to be negative. Slightly more than half of the reviews were, on balance, critical, compared with 30 per cent that were favorable.
- Clive Barnes was the most generous reviewer of the five. Twenty-nine per cent of his reviews were raves. But Barnes did not become significantly easier over the past two years—the reason most often cited to explain his removal as the *Times*' theater critic. He had been an easy marker all along.
- Martin Gottfried of the *Post* was by far the toughest critic to please. More than half of his reviews were pans. His judgments



TABLE 1. The Relationship Between Length Of Run And Recommendations For All Critics, 1967-76

| Length Of Run (Days) | % Rejected (1) | % Not Recommended (2) | % Recommended With Reservation (3) | % Recommended (4) | % Strongly Recommended (5) |
|----------------------|----------------|-----------------------|------------------------------------|-------------------|----------------------------|
| 1-14 | 46 | 30 | 20 | 19 | 3 |
| 15-50 | 26 | 26 | 35 | 31 | 15 |
| 51-100 | 18 | 21 | 20 | 26 | 20 |
| 101-200 | 5 | 8 | 11 | 8 | 18 |
| 201-500 | 3 | 7 | 9 | 6 | 12 |
| 500+ | 2 | 8 | 5 | 10 | 32 |
| Number Of Reviews | 202 | 196 | 143 | 78 | 160 |

The above table records all the reviews (779) in our sample of the five New York theater critics—Clive Barnes, Walter Kerr, Martin Gottfried, Douglas Watt, and Richard Watts—from 1967 to 1976. The table shows the percentages of reviews in each of the five categories—from rejected (pan) to strongly recommended (rave)—that ran 1-14 days, 15-50 days, and so on. Thus, of the 202 pans written by all the critics, 46 per cent were of plays that closed in less than 14 days and only two per cent were of plays that ran longer than 500 days. In the far right column, of the 160 raves, only three per cent were of plays that closed in less than 14 days, while 32 per cent were of plays that ran longer than 500 days. The marked discrepancies in these figures indicate a strong association between those reviews in which the critics are expressing a strong opinion—either raves or pans—and the length of run of a play. The association at the negative, or left end of the table, is even stronger, indicating that the critics have more power to kill a show than they do to make a hit. In the middle three columns of the table (categories 2-4), the association between strength of review and length of run is considerably weaker—that is, the percentages are more evenly spread out over the various lengths of run. For example, of those reviews in the not recommended category, 56 per cent closed in less than 50 days—not a significant difference. The same lack of correlation can be noticed by comparing the percentage of recommended plays that ran longer than 500 days with the percentage of not recommended plays that ran just as long. This lack of association in the middle three columns indicates that where the critics do not express a strong opinion their reviews have less effect on the length of run.

differed from those of his colleagues and often had the least relationship to the length of run of a play.

- Richard Watts of the *Post* was the best indicator of a long run: nearly 40 per cent of the plays he raved ran more than 500 days. Barnes and Watts were the best indicators of early closings.

- Contrary to the widely held view, Clive Barnes did not significantly favor British and other foreign plays that came to

Broadway. And, with the exception of Douglas Watt of the *News* who was biased toward the British theater, none of the other critics showed a noticeable preference for foreign imports.

The Power To Kill

The 206 plays selected for study represent a random sample of the approximately 450 shows that opened on Broadway between 1967 and 1976. They in-

clude musicals, dramas, comedies, and revivals. Off-Broadway plays were excluded. All the plays in the sample were reviewed by Barnes and at least two other critics. (Richard Watts of the *Post* retired as daily critic in 1974. Martin Gottfried's reviews for *Women's Wear Daily* prior to his joining the *Post* in 1971 were included in the study.)

Once the 779 reviews were collected, they were rated on a five-point scale: (1) rejected, or pan; (2) not recommended; (3) re-

commended with reservations, or mixed; (4) recommended; (5) strongly recommended, or rave. Of course, any such rating system is inherently subjective. But to reduce this subjectivity as much as possible, three different readers practiced on sample reviews until they agreed on more than 90 per cent of their ratings.

After they arrived at common definitions for the five categories, they scored the 779 reviews. This method of coding is a standard procedure in content analysis.

The reviews were then correlated with the length of run of a play. While different shows have different break-even points—depending on how much money is invested, whether it is a drama or a musical, and other variables—a play that runs less than 50 days is rarely successful and a play that runs longer than 500 days usually makes money.

The causal relationship between reviews and length of run is difficult, if not impossible, to prove in a real-world situation. Too many variables are involved, including financing, advertising budget, drawing power of the actors, and so on. Power is also a difficult concept to define. It can mean the ability of the critics to kill shows prematurely, or to extend their runs, or to dictate what shows come to New York.

The only way to determine with absolute certainty the power of the Broadway theater critics would be through a controlled experiment. That would require three cities of roughly similar population and three carbon copies of the same show opening simultaneously in each city. Reviewers in one city would write a set of raves, in the second city a set of pans, and in the third city no reviews at all. Then the show's length of run in each city would be compared. It is, of course, an impossible research design to execute.

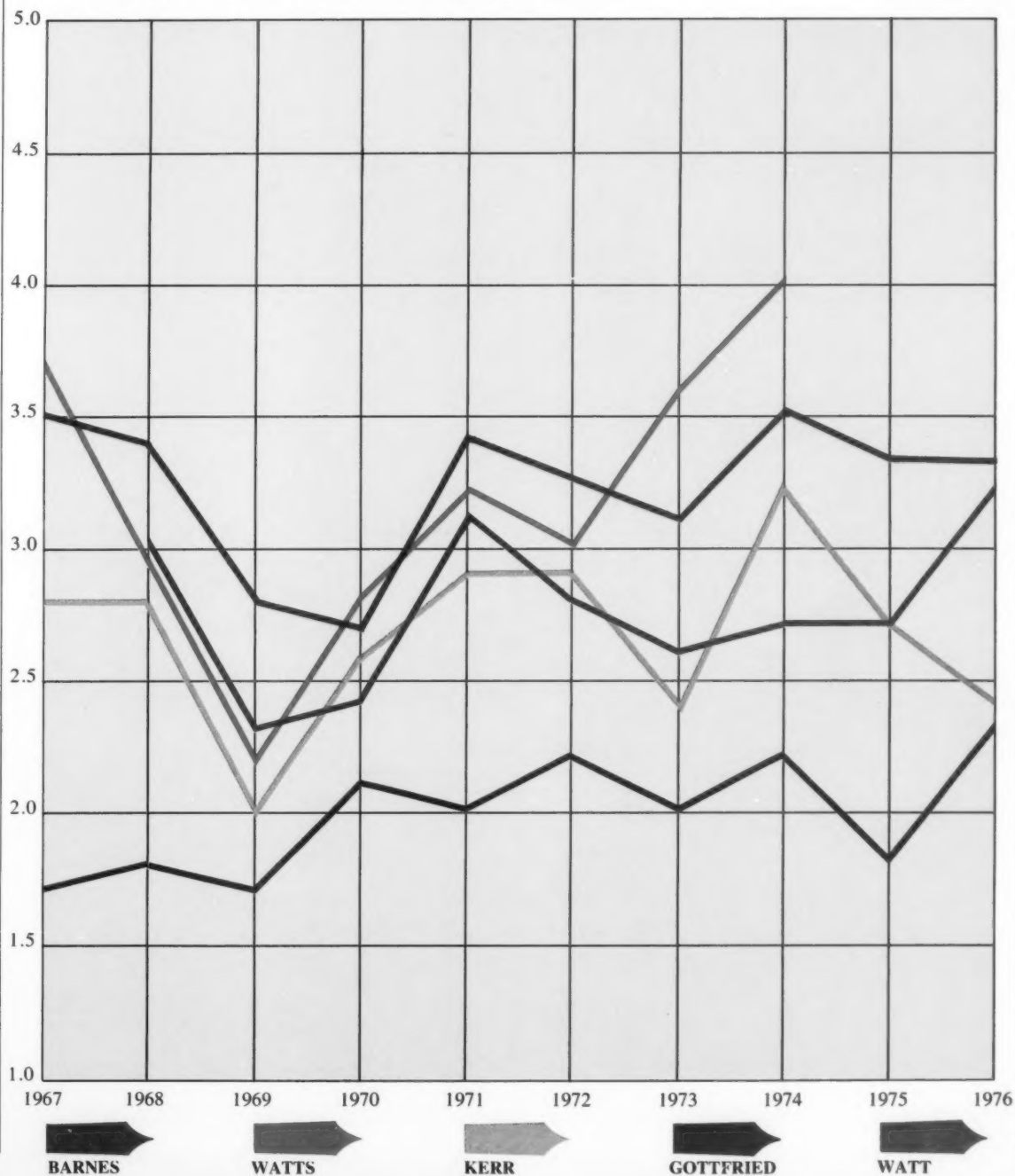
We have chosen to define power in terms of the relationship between critics' reviews and the length of run of shows. Where such a relationship exists, power can be inferred. But the alternative hypothesis must be kept in

(continued on page 29)

New York Theater Critics Average Recommendations 1967-1976

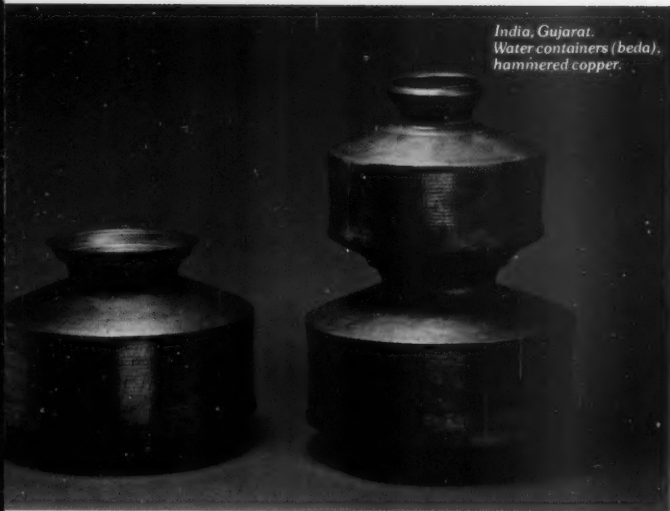
The following graph illustrates the average recommendation on a scale of 1.0 (pan) to 5.0 (rave) for each of the five New York theater critics over the ten-year period, 1967-76. Clive Barnes, at the top of the graph for all but four years, was the easiest critic;

Martin Gottfried, at the bottom, the toughest. For the most part, the critics tended to move up and down together, indicating a general agreement about the quality of a particular Broadway season.

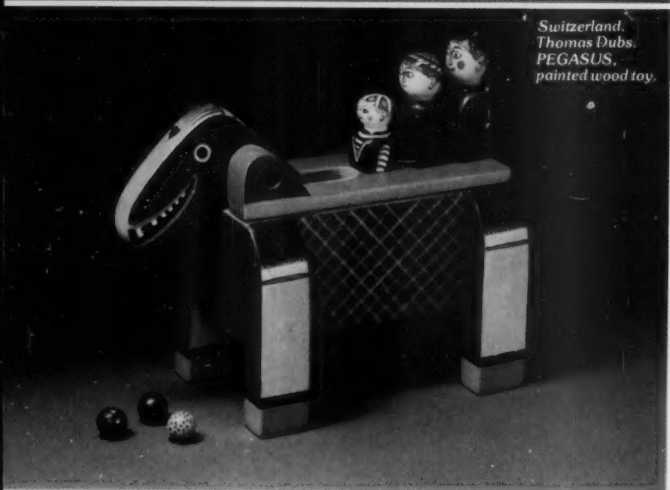


We talk better

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hammered copper.



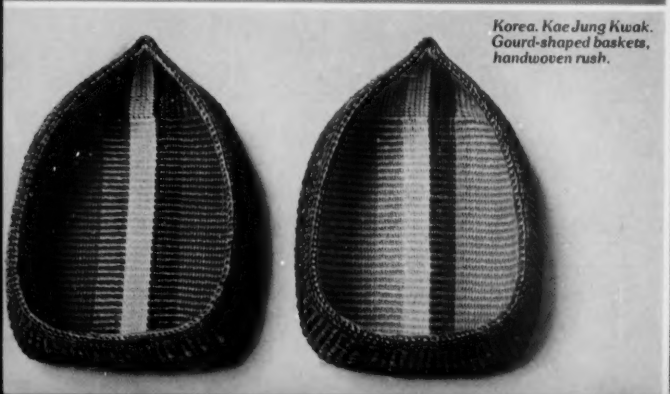
Switzerland.
Thomas Dubs.
PEGASUS,
painted wood toy.



Mexico, San Martín Tilcajete,
Oaxaca. Tiger mask,
carved and painted wood.



Korea. Kae Jung Kwak.
Gourd-shaped baskets,
handwoven rush.



with our hands.

Czechoslovakia. František Vízner.
BLUE FORM, TOPAZ FORM.
Jaroslav Svoboda.
GLASS SCULPTURE.

Photos: Little Bobby Hanson, New York.

These are some things that were made—lovingly and artfully—by hand. They were part of an exhibition of several hundred handcrafted pieces from around the world titled “In Praise of Hands.”

Some, as you can see, were made just for fun, others to be useful, and some for no better reason than that the maker felt like it. But whatever their purpose and wherever on earth they came from, they all speak the same language.

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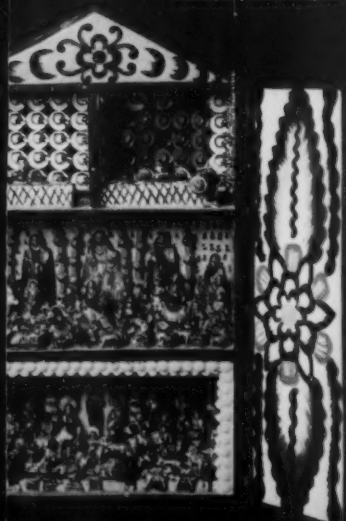


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(continued from page 24)

mind: that the critics are simply following or predicting public taste.

Accepting this approach, if the critics had no power, then there would be no correlation between their reviews and the length of run. Shows panned by the critics would be just as likely to have long runs as they would be to close Saturday night. Conversely, if the critics had absolute power, then every play panned would close the morning after and every play raved would make a fortune for its backers.

The truth is somewhere in between. The first table (Table 1. The Relationship Between Length of Run and Recommendations for All Critics, 1967-76) gives a rough idea of where the power lies. All the pans of all the critics were categorized according to length of run. The table shows the percentage of plays panned that closed in less than 14 days, the percentage that ran 15 to 50 days, and so on. The same thing was done with the other four categories of reviews.

The pans are strongly associated with the shortest runs. Of all the pans written over the ten-year period (there were 202, or 26 per cent of all the reviews in the sample), 72 per cent were of plays that closed in less than 50 days. By contrast, only 18 per cent of the *raves* were of plays that had equally short runs.

At the other end of the table, there is a clear association of long-running plays with raves. But the numbers are not quite as dramatic. Thirty-two per cent of all raves written during the period were of plays that ran more than 500 days compared to only two per cent of all the pans that lasted that long.

The difference between how well plays do when they are panned or raved is significant. Significant enough, particularly at the negative end, to warrant the conclusion that the critics wield far more power than they are willing to admit. (It is, of course, a plausible hypothesis that the critics are not really wielding power so much as following popular tastes and panning those plays which the public won't like, raving those which are guaranteed successes. Do good reviews

(continued on page 32)

TABLE 2. The Relationship Between Length Of Run And Clive Barnes' Recommendations, 1967-76

| Length Of Run (Days) | % Rejected (1) | % Not Recommended (2) | % Recommended With Reservation (3) | % Recommended (4) | % Strongly Recommended (5) |
|----------------------|----------------|-----------------------|------------------------------------|-------------------|----------------------------|
| 1-14 | 62 | 55 | 16 | 27 | — |
| 15-50 | 29 | 19 | 35 | 27 | 16 |
| 51-100 | 6 | 17 | 16 | 36 | 28 |
| 101-200 | 3 | 2 | 14 | 5 | 16 |
| 201-500 | — | 2 | 14 | 5 | 12 |
| 500 | — | 5 | 5 | — | 28 |
| Number Of Reviews | 34 | 42 | 43 | 22 | 57 |

TABLE 3. The Relationship Between Length Of Run And Martin Gottfried's Recommendations, 1967-76

| Length Of Run (Days) | % Rejected (1) | % Not Recommended (2) | % Recommended With Reservation (3) | % Recommended (4) | % Strongly Recommended (5) |
|----------------------|----------------|-----------------------|------------------------------------|-------------------|----------------------------|
| 1-14 | 38 | 26 | 29 | 18 | 6 |
| 15-50 | 23 | 23 | 36 | 9 | 25 |
| 51-100 | 23 | 21 | 14 | 18 | 6 |
| 101-200 | 6 | 9 | 3 | 28 | 25 |
| 201-500 | 6 | 8 | 11 | — | — |
| 500+ | 4 | 13 | 7 | 27 | 38 |
| Number Of Reviews | 96 | 39 | 28 | 11 | 16 |

Table 2 shows the percentage of reviews by New York Times critic Clive Barnes that correlate with various lengths of run. Note that 91 per cent of Barnes' pans closed in less than 50 days. Table 3 does the same for Martin Gottfried of the New York Post. Note that 96 of his reviews (51 per cent) were pans.



The Victims' Revenge: Broadway Reviews The Critics

| | How powerful are the Broadway critics? | Who is the most powerful critic? | How do the critics' standards differ? | What biases do the critics have? | How will the switch from Barnes to Eder at the Times affect Broadway? | Parting shots. |
|--|--|--|---|--|--|--|
| Vinnette Carroll Director and Playwright <i>Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope; Your Arms Too Short To Box With God; Black Nativity.</i> | If they all pan a show, I don't think you have a chance in hell unless it's a musical and you have a tremendous amount of money to sink into promoting it. | Barnes. He can kill shows. | Gottfried and Kerr are the toughest. Barnes is kindest. Watt is closest to the people. | Kerr likes words and ideas. He isn't turned on by light, fluffy musicals. They favor English shows more than other foreign shows. | I love Clive Barnes. I hate to see him go. | Kerr is my absolute favorite. I respect him the most. |
| Bill Dyer Composer <i>From A to Z.</i> | If they all come down on a show, it's hopeless. | Barnes has the influence to close shows. If he says it's a bomb, it's going to close at the end of the week. | Barnes has the toughest standards. | Barnes kills musicals because he doesn't have an ear for music. Watt prefers musicals. Kerr is broader in his tastes. | I don't like Barnes, but I'm afraid of Eder. From what I've seen, I don't have high hopes. | Barnes is probably a nice man, but he's not a particularly good critic. Gottfried is hopeless. He's an ass. |
| Adela Holzer Producer <i>The Ritz; Sherlock Holmes; Something Old, Something New; Bad Habits.</i> | Critics don't make a success, but they can make you lose one. Ninety per cent is in the hands of the critics. | Barnes. | The toughest standards are between Barnes and Kerr. | Barnes has a preference for British plays. Kerr likes soapy musicals. Most don't have an ear for music. | It's a welcome change. Barnes' ego has become tremendous since he knows what he can do with his pen. | The one beyond my understanding is Walter Kerr. I have to look for a needle in a haystack to see what he means. |
| Marty Jacobs Director <i>Best Friend.</i> | Unanimously bad reviews will close shows, but unanimously good ones will not keep them running. | It used to be whoever was at the Times. But Barnes' influence has dissipated almost completely, which is one reason his contract wasn't renewed. | Gottfried is the toughest. The easiest is Kerr. | Barnes has praised every English import. He likes all of Pinter and Papp and hates all musicals. | It's marvelous that we're at last rid of Barnes. I cheered when I heard about it. | Barnes is foolish and uninformed and I don't think he had his finger on the pulse of New York audiences. |
| Alan Jay Lerner Playwright, Producer, and Lyricist <i>My Fair Lady; Camelot; Coco; Paint Your Wagon.</i> | I don't think critics can make a success, but they can definitely make a failure. | Clive Barnes, unquestionably. | They are now trying harder to like things. | I've heard Barnes criticized for favoring British shows, but I've never believed it. | Eder seems like a highly skillful man. God knows, we all pray for him. | A critic is one who knows the direction but doesn't know how to drive. |
| Joshua Logan Producer, Director and Playwright <i>South Pacific; Fanny; Mister Roberts; Charley's Aunt; Picnic.</i> | Our critics have gone down the drain; they have no power. | <i>The New York Times.</i> | The toughest is Gottfried, but he doesn't make any valuable contributions to the theater. | Barnes is inclined to be terribly excited about English theater. If Gottfried thought of the plot and wrote all the dialogue himself, he might give it good notices. | Eder is completely incompetent to review plays. I don't think he knows anything about the theater. Eder writes so that you can't understand him. | Barnes hedged his bets. Gottfried is destructive and erratic. He won't kill the theater, the theater will kill him. I would go to see anything Kerr recommended. |



After suffering through their share of critical reviews, it seems only fair that the Broadway critics' victims get to return the fire. MORE polled a number of directors, pro-

ducers, actors, and writers to find out what they think of the critics and the power of their reviews—some thoughts from behind the curtain.

| | How powerful are the Broadway critics? | Who is the most powerful critic? | How do the critics' standards differ? | What biases do the critics have? | How will the switch from Barnes to Eder at the Times affect Broadway? | Parting shots. |
|--|---|---|--|---|---|--|
| David Mamet Playwright <i>American Buffalo</i> ; <i>Sexual Perversity in Chicago</i> ; <i>Duck Variations</i> . | Psychologically, you start to think the critics have a supernatural, mystical power. | <i>The Times</i> . | The standards are not consistent. It's like the psychology of terror. They're muggers. You know, "I'm so nutty I might do anything." | Barnes is partial to English plays. All we get from across the puddle is garbage; without caning in British public schools, there would be no contemporary British theater. | At least Eder's not English. That's a point in his favor. But my mother used to say, "Better the devil you know than one you don't know." | Intellectually, I'd like to think of them as running-dog conspirators against the institution of art. But they're just jack-offs like the rest of us. |
| Lore Noto Producer <i>The Yearling</i> ; <i>The Fantasticks</i> . | They can only hurt, only kill. | Barnes. | They are outstandingly unpredictable. They're such perverse beings that they can't tell you what they are going to do tomorrow. | Critics are propagandists for their particular interests in life. Kerr is the only one who occasionally touches on truth and honesty about a show. | Who's worse, Hitler or Ghengis Khan? I dread Richard Eder. He will make an arch-murderer. He is cold-blooded, evil. | Critics are beasts, highly-disturbed people, basically frustrated, totally insincere, and brutalized by the profession they're in. The public should be warned: "Critics may be harmful to your health." |
| Robert Preston Actor <i>The Music Man</i> ; <i>Sly Fox</i> ; <i>I Do! I Do!</i> ; <i>The Lion in Winter</i> ; <i>Ben Franklin in Paris</i> . | It's hard to say. I've had shows with unanimously bad reviews and a good audience, and shows with good reviews that have done poorly. | The <i>Times</i> critic is the one you pray to get. | Since Gottfried has come from off-Broadway, he is trying to be tough, whether consciously or unconsciously. I usually have to go along with Walter Kerr. I agree with what he says about most plays. | Barnes bent over backwards not to be an Anglophile during his early years. Eventually, he couldn't help it; the best plays were coming over from England. | I love Eder's style, and I think I like his taste. An innovative playwright might like him better than Barnes. | At the height of the season, the critics are going to three a week. I don't care how much tea they rinse their palates out with, they're going to get jaded. |
| David Rabe Playwright <i>Sticks and Bones</i> ; <i>The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel</i> ; <i>Streamers</i> . | They have the power to close serious shows. Never does a drama go on if it doesn't get good reviews. | Barnes. A good review from Barnes is almost essential to the run of a serious play. | Standards imply moral correctness. Their personalities are what their standards are. | Kerr likes sentimental humanism. Barnes doesn't take to unknowns; he tries to respect continuity and reputations. Gottfried leans toward good serious drama. | When I saw Barnes was going, I was glad I didn't have any plays coming up this year. | Kerr is a theatrical fascist, a totalitarian idiot. When you've got a good Barnes, you feel like you've got a fighting chance. When you've got a bad one, you feel like you're dead. |
| Ronald Ribman Playwright <i>The Poison Tree</i> ; <i>The Ceremony of Innocence</i> ; <i>The Journey of the Fifth Horse</i> . | If it's good and they don't say so, it can close. If it's bad, good reviews don't help. | Barnes, no doubt about it. | They're interested in selling newspapers and that is done through controversy. Calm, reflective analysis is not their forte. | Much of the time, they simply write a witty or clever review. | I'm not counting on any critic getting at what I do. | Criticism is like an Indian gauntlet. One has to run through it to survive. Critics create an environment of mediocrity. |
| Dore Schary Playwright, Producer, and Director <i>Herzl</i> ; <i>The Unsinkable Molly Brown</i> ; <i>Something About a Soldier</i> ; <i>The Devil's Advocate</i> ; <i>Sunrise at Campobello</i> . | The power to close a show is greater than the power to keep one open. | Barnes. <i>The New York Times</i> serves as a barometer. | Critics don't think in terms of the average man. | Americans generally have an enormous respect for anybody with an accent. | I've read Eder and found him to be very good, but I don't know what to expect. | Critics are like mayors of New York; nobody really wants to like them. |

(continued from page 29)

cause successful plays or do successful plays cause good reviews? Like most which-came-first questions, this one can never be answered definitively.)

In those reviews where the critic does not choose to exercise his potential power—the middle three categories on the scale—there is little correlation between reviews and length of run. Of those reviews rated as "recommended," half closed in less than 50 days. Of those classified as "not recommended," 56 per cent closed in less than 50 days—not a significant difference. Similarly, ten per cent of the "recommended" plays ran longer than 500 days; eight per cent of the "not recommended" shows had an equally long run. Again, not a significant difference.

When all the reviews in all five categories are looked at as a whole, there appears to be some correlation, but not much, between the strength of a review and the length of run. The critics frequently write at the extremes, however, and it is at the extremes that they exercise what power they have. Thus, the correlation of pans and raves to length of run is a more significant indicator of the critics' power.

Barnes Raves

When the reviews of Clive Barnes are examined (Table 2. The Relationship Between Length of Run and Clive Barnes' Recommendations, 1967-76), the power of the critic comes into even sharper focus. Barnes was assumed to be the most powerful theater critic in the country, not so much because of who he was, but because of the paper he worked for. The assumption about his power, apart from the paper he works for, has some validity.

Of the 34 plays Barnes panned in our sample, 91 per cent closed in less than 50 days, 62 per cent in less than two weeks. In other words, if Clive Barnes panned the play you had spent two years putting together, the odds were ten-to-one against its lasting more than 50 days. By comparison, 73 per cent of Walter Kerr's pans and 60 per cent of Martin Gottfried's pans closed in less than 50 days.

The association between Barnes' raves and the length of run is not so impressive, but still significant. Twenty-eight per cent of his raves ran longer than 500 days; none of his pans ran that long. If Barnes raved about a play, which he did 29 per cent of the time, its average life expectancy was 340 days.

When Barnes withheld judgment about a play—"recommend with reservations"—his reviews showed much less association with length of run than they did at the extremes. Of his mixed reviews, half ran more than 50 days, half ran less than 50 days. If all of Barnes' reviews were in this category—"on the one hand this, on the other hand that"—his oft-stated view that he has little power could be proved. Unfortunately, for the sake of his argument, this is not the case: 46 per cent of his reviews are either raves or pans which, as we have seen, are strongly correlated with length of run.

However much clout Barnes has as a critic, Martin Gottfried of the *New York Post* has a good deal less. There is far less correlation between his reviews and the length of run of the plays he writes about. (Table 3. The Relationship Between Length of Run and Martin Gottfried's Recommendations, 1967-76). Sixty-one per cent of Gottfried's pans (as compared to 91 per cent for Barnes) were of shows that closed in less than 50 days. Ten per cent (as compared to none for Barnes) lasted more than 200 days. When Gottfried raved about a play, which was not very often, there was almost as good a chance that it would close within 50 days as it would run more than 500 days.

The other critics were closer to Barnes than to Gottfried. No play panned by Walter Kerr over the ten-year period ran longer than 95 days; and nearly half of the plays he raved ran longer than 200 days. A Kerr rave ran, on the average, 446 days, considerably longer than anyone else's raves. Richard Watts of the *Post* didn't pan plays as often as others, but when he did they seemed to fold quickly: 81 per cent of the shows he panned closed in less than 14 days. (One could assume, on the basis of this figure, that Watts



Wide World

John Patrick Naughton



Clive Barnes

"God always meant for me to be a critic," says Clive Barnes, "because He wanted me to have free tickets." No longer God's favorite, Barnes was informed in March that he would be replaced by Richard Eder as the *Times* theater critic. He continues as the paper's dance critic.

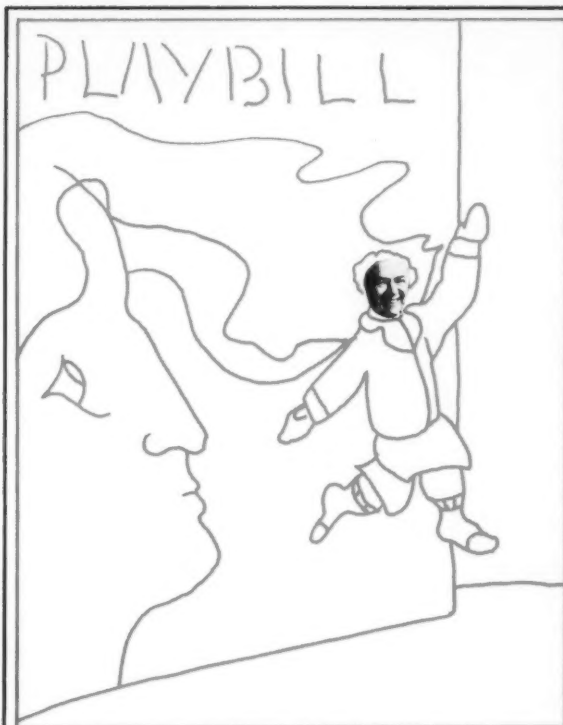
At 50, the energetic Barnes has been reviewing dance, music, film, and theater for 27 years—12 of them in New York. He was hired by the *Times* in 1965 as dance critic, and two years later was persuaded to do double duty on the daily theater beat.

Barnes thinks the best preparation for a job as theater critic is "to see an enormous amount of plays from puberty on." He has. He began at age ten with *King Lear*, and soon after was sneaking into theaters to watch Laurence Olivier. At the *Times*, Barnes spun out his first-night reviews in the newspaper office in a little more than an hour (for an 11 p.m. deadline). "Even if I saw a preview," he says, "I took the

same amount of time to write the review. I honestly don't think you can tell the difference between those I wrote on deadline and those I didn't. I can't myself anymore."

Barnes would try to read a new play before the performance but, he says, "a lot of playwrights don't want their scripts seen ahead of time. They want the impact of the first-night hearing." He also tried to apply the same aesthetic standards to drama, comedy, and musicals: "What did the author try to do? How well did he do it? Was it any good?"

"Being a journalist means being readable," he says. "An unread critic is an unwritten critic." While Barnes doubts he brought a distinctive style to his work at the *Times*, it is hard to imagine anyone else offering a review like this: "I am thinking of doing this entire review in verse—or something worse. The occasion is a wordsickle called *Nash at Nine* which was only slightly asinine. . . ."



Walter Kerr

If there is an ideal background for a theater critic, Walter Kerr has it. He spent 15 years reviewing theater as critic for the *New York Herald-Tribune*, ten years teaching it at Catholic University in Washington, where he also directed, and one season producing a Broadway show, *Goldilocks*, which flopped.

When the *Trib* folded in 1966, *Times* Managing Editor Turner Catledge called Kerr on ship-to-shore radio as he was sailing from Europe, to offer him the daily reviewing job. He accepted on the condition that he be given a Sunday column. The following year the *Times* made Clive Barnes daily critic and gave Kerr the Sunday spot he has occupied ever since.

Kerr remembers daily deadlines with a shudder. "With only an hour to write a review," he says, "you worry that what you say may be wrong. Some critics are forced to simply stop caring, except for special occasions. They become mechanical." Kerr

now spends a full day, sometimes two, writing his weekly column, but he still thinks of himself "as a journalist, not a critic."

Neither as cute as Barnes nor as beastly as Gottfried, Kerr is admired for his imagery, historical perspective, and polish. He reviewed *Abelard and Heloise* as an "Easy Readers' Guide to Sin and Scholasticism, a succession of ready-made sentiments not entirely unsuitable to the Christmas card feel of the project."

Long a believer that theater critics have little power, Kerr says: "The Broadway theater is doing very well now, at least in terms of revenues. This is certainly not due to the quality of the plays or increased ticket prices." Kerr attributes Broadway's economic health to the new half-price ticket policy and the advent of theater advertising on local television.

Then why are producers so taken with the "myth" of critic power? "Because," he says with a laugh, "they are fools."

was more powerful than Barnes. However, the number of Watts' pans is too small to make such a statement definitively.)

To evaluate the combined impact of the critics, we separated out those plays which were unanimously panned or unanimously raved. The sample is too small to draw any sweeping conclusions, but the results do give an added dimension to the power of the critics. Of the nine plays that were unanimously panned, none ran longer than nine days. (A number of those, no doubt, were what Barnes calls "stinkers," plays so bad that the producers post a closing notice days before the reviews appear.) Of the seven plays unanimously raved, none ran less than 116 days.

A slightly larger sample was obtained by looking at all those plays that received either a pan or a "not recommended" from the critics. This group contained 33 plays, 17 of which closed in the first week. (Again, the "stinker" factor must be taken into account.) The average run was 41 days. And there were a few moderately long runs in the group proving that the public does not always follow the critics: the 1975 musical comedy, *Dance With Me*, panned by Barnes and Watt and given a "not recommended" by Kerr and Gottfried, ran 144 days; *Cry For Us All*, staged in 1970 and roundly disliked, ran 308 days.

Ranking The Critics

Clive Barnes says he lost his job because he was too "permissive." *The New York Times* won't comment on why it took Barnes off the drama beat this spring and replaced him with Richard Eder. But everyone in the theater business seems to have an explanation for the switch. The most prevalent is that Barnes became a soft touch in the past few years. Ross Wetzsteon, writing recently in the *Village Voice*, put it this way: "Clive Barnes wanted so wholeheartedly to like plays, he wanted so sincerely to encourage the theater, he wanted so desperately not to misuse his

power, that he began to rave over everything, even things he obviously disliked. In the end he lost his credibility and his job as a theater critic . . ."

The only problem with Wetzsteon's argument, and others like it, is that it's not true. Barnes did not become easier—he was always easy. If anything, his reviews had gotten slightly less generous over the past two years. (Graph 1. New York Theater Critics Recommendations, 1967-76.)

The graph—which plots the average of all a critic's reviews in a given year over the ten-year period—illustrates that Barnes was the easiest reviewer in town. (He was usurped from that position in 1973 and 1974 by Richard Watts of the *Post* who was blowing kisses to producers and reviewing everything favorably on his way to retirement.) Gottfried, at the bottom of the graph, is by far the most critical of the five. Walter Kerr and Douglas Watt of the *News* occupy the middle ground.

Aside from depicting the reviewers' relative standings, the graph shows how the critics generally move up and down together. Thus, 1969, which was considered to be one of Broadway's worst years in recent history, shows a marked dip in all the critics' lines. 1970 and 1971 saw most of the reviewers rising in concert to offer more praise, followed by another trough in 1972 and 1973.

By reducing each line on the graph to one average figure representing the critic's ten-year rating on the scale of 1.0 (pan) to 5.0 (rave), the reviewers can be ranked as follows:

| | |
|------------------|------|
| Richard Watts | 3.15 |
| Clive Barnes | 3.14 |
| Douglas Watt | 2.75 |
| Walter Kerr | 2.59 |
| Martin Gottfried | 2.09 |

The discrepancy between Barnes at the easy end of the scale and Gottfried at the critical end can be looked at another way. Gottfried panned 51 per cent of the plays he reviewed as opposed to Barnes who panned only 18 per cent. Conversely, Barnes raved about 29 per cent of the plays he saw while Gottfried only raved



"Sending out an uninformed critic," Clive Barnes once told a group of students, "is like sending a correspondent to Russia who can't speak Russian. Editors, I fear, often select critics with less care than they do writers in other departments."

While Barnes would be too tactful to say the same thing today about his successor, others in the theater business are wondering who Richard Eder is and how he got to be the *Times*' chief theater critic. His route to the top was unusual: he has neither the long reviewing experience of a Watt or Watts, nor the professional theater expertise of a Kerr. Instead, he had been a foreign correspondent for the *Times* for 15 years in Latin America, Eastern Europe, and London, and, for two years, the paper's second-string film critic.

Eder is aware that his early reviews will be analyzed as if they were moon rocks, but he does not feel the pressure to prove his competence. "I know what is happening when I read a book or see a film or play," the 44-year-old critic says.

During his three years in London, from 1972-75, Eder spent a good deal of time at the theater. And, while writing reviews of B movies for two years in New York in the shadow of Vincent Canby, he saw enough theater, he says, to have a clear grasp of recent stage developments. When the *Times* announced his appointment in March, he stopped writing film reviews and spent most of his time seeing and reviewing plays and catching up on the critical essays of such masters as George Bernard Shaw.

The *Times* is the only paper Eder has ever worked for. He joined the paper as a copyboy fresh from Harvard in 1954 and he served what he calls a "Victorian apprenticeship," working his way up through police beat, rewrite, and general assignment. He covered cultural affairs abroad whenever time permitted.

It was while working as foreign correspondent that Eder began to question the direction of his career. "The business of having to construct thought upon thought was appealing to me," he says.

John Patrick Naughton



Richard Eder

"I decided it was time to travel inside my mind for a while, instead of traveling all the time on my legs."

When he informed the *Times* of his interest in a cultural assignment, he was offered the film spot. "I'd been writing news for so long I didn't know if I could write opinion," he says. "I ran a sort of experiment in London and tried to write reviews of a couple of films, but when I came out of the theater I couldn't think of anything to say." But when he got back to New York he found, to his surprise, that reviewing "came naturally."

Some have suggested that Eder, who is friendly with Deputy Managing Editor Arthur Gelb, was being groomed for Barnes' job as far back as 1972 when he was sent to London. Eder denies this. "There was no *quid pro quo* when I took the film

job," he says. "I had no knowledge of any move afoot to change drama critics." Still, Eder acknowledges that when he returned to New York he did not intend to be second-string film critic for the rest of his career.

In selecting Eder to replace Barnes, the *Times* may have wanted to swing back to the Walter Kerr style of essay-like reviewing. "A review must be something worth reading for itself," Eder says. "Not only should it tell the audience whether they will like a show, it must attempt to analyze and describe what the audience is going to see."

Nervous producers will be happy to hear that Eder thinks of himself as an emotional and responsive man. "When I am moved in the theater," he says, "it makes me extremely happy. I like the theater to be good."

about nine per cent. Gottfried and Barnes were the two critics who most often voiced strong opinions—either raves or pans—about the theater.

Are British Plays Favored?

Because he is from England, Clive Barnes was frequently accused of favoring British plays that opened on Broadway. In reviewing Barnes' reviews during the ten-year period, a slight, but not very significant, preference for foreign plays emerged. The average rating of Barnes' reviews of American plays was 3.0; his average review for British and foreign shows was 3.4.

Douglas Watt of the *Daily News* was the only reviewer who showed a significant bias toward British theater. Richard Watts and Martin Gottfried favored foreign shows slightly, but even less than Barnes did. And Walter Kerr rated everything evenly.

"I don't think we make a play fail," Clive Barnes says, downplaying the power of the critics. "A play fails because it fails. There are so many other factors in a run apart from the critic's notice. How expensive is the play to run? How much backing is there? What is the overhead? The reason a play fails is because the producer took it off."

Walter Kerr, Barnes' predecessor as the *Times*' daily critic, agrees. A number of years ago, he wrote in the paper: "For a long time it has been widely believed that plays live on newspaper reviews . . . Lines at the box office were thought to correlate precisely with hurriedly composed, hastily set, and instantly hawked type. This, of course, has never been true."

Both Kerr and Barnes, our study shows, are wrong. They and the other theater critics have more power than they are willing to acknowledge. John Simon, formerly the theater critic for *New York* magazine, was more on the mark in an essay he wrote several years ago for *The Drama Review*: "I think, in New York at any rate, the power is always in the dailies . . . If a goat were writing for the *Times*, it would be the goat that would be the power in the theater."

IS SOMETHING ROTTEN IN DENMARK?

How Shockley And 'U.S. News' Sold Sterilization To The Public

Decade-old myth exploded.

BY ALLAN CHASE

Nearly two million people are sterilized every year in the United States. Many undergo the operation voluntarily; others, threatened with a loss of welfare benefits, agree to be sterilized under some form of coercion. Poor and minority-group women are most susceptible to such pressure: in Puerto Rico, for example, nearly one-third the women of child-bearing age are now sterilized.

What has accounted for this virtual epidemic — a fivefold increase in the number of operations performed since 1965? One factor among many is the widespread, but unfounded, belief within the scientific community that another western country — Denmark — has a viable forced sterilization program. If Denmark can control its social problems by sterilizing the unfit and the misfit, why not the United States?

The man most responsible for spreading the "news" about Denmark's program is William Shockley, professor of engineering science at Stanford and president of the Foundation for Research and Education on Eugenics and Dysgenics. This is the same William Shockley who has been called a racist and shouted off college lecture platforms for arguing that blacks are genetically inferior to whites, the same William Shockley who shared a Nobel Prize in 1956 for developing the transistor.

Shockley, who has no professional training in genetics, psychology, or the biology of human development, first referred to a Danish eugenics program in an interview published in *U.S. News and World Report* on November 22, 1965. The interview ran under the headline, "Is Quality of U.S. Population Declining?" and contained an assertion by Shockley that people who inherited inferior brains reproduce babies at faster rates than their hereditary mental superiors.

To back his claim, Shockley cited the case of the proprietor of a delicatessen who had been blinded by a hired acid thrower. The assailant was a teenager, Shockley said, "one of 17 illegitimate children of an improvident, irresponsible woman with an IQ of 55... the father probably died in prison, sentenced for murder. If that woman can produce 17 children in our society, none of whom will be eliminated by the survival of the fittest, she and others like her will be multiplying at an enormously faster rate than more intelligent people do."

This genetic-menace-of-welfare theme was sounded repeatedly by Shockley in the *U.S. News* interview. When asked to what extent heredity may be responsible for the high rate of crime among blacks, Shockley replied, "If you look at the median Negro IQ, it almost always turns out to be not as good as that of the median white IQ."

Allan Chase is the author of The Legacy of Malthus: The Social Costs of the New Scientific Racism, Alfred A. Knopf, 1977.

The trouble, Shockley continued, was that "the whole subject is being swept under the rug, so we have no real facts on the situation. *I am told Denmark has a sterilization system, and there are reports and evaluations. I have not checked into this, but I know it is a serious undertaking.*" (Italics added.)

U.S. News did check into the matter, assigning its Geneva correspondent, Alfred Zanker, to research the story. On March 7, 1966, the magazine published a one-page special report, without a byline, titled, "The Unfit: Denmark's Solution." The report stated: "Denmark is turning up as the world's first nation to commit itself to sterilization as an important means of solving its social problems. Here, as in the U.S. and other countries, authorities are worried by a tendency of problem individuals to breed unlimited numbers of children likely to populate the jails, mental institutions, and welfare rolls of the future. Unlike most other nations, Denmark is doing something about it."

Denmark's solution, according to the national newsweekly, was the sterilization of criminals, the chronically jobless, alcoholics, and welfare clients under a system described as "voluntary compulsion." "Danish doctors and social workers go to great lengths to persuade 'problem' individuals to be sterilized," *U.S. News* wrote. "Criminals are offered release from prison as an inducement."

Referring back to its interview with Shockley, the article said that "Danes were shocked recently when they read of a U.S. woman, with an intelligence quotient of only 55, who had produced 17 illegitimate children, some of them criminals. Said one official: 'In Denmark, she would not have been allowed to mingle with ordinary people unless she agreed to sterilization.'" *U.S. News* added, "A special law provides for sterilization of feeble-minded persons with an IQ of less than 75."

For the past 11 years, Shockley has been citing and distributing copies of this article as documentary evidence of the existence of a Danish compulsory sterilization program. And once "news" of the Danish program appeared in this respectable and often-quoted news magazine, references to it began to proliferate. *Stanford M.D.*, for example, published by the Stanford Medical Alumni Association, reprinted the Shockley interview. And Shockley himself cited the *U.S. News* report as his source in a chapter he wrote for a book entitled *New Concepts and Directions in Education*, published in 1969.

Shockley also introduced the "fact" to the scientific community in a paper he delivered in 1967 to the National Academy of Sciences, of which he is a member. "The lesson to be learned from Nazi history," he said, "is the value of free speech, not that eugenics is intolerable. A form of eugenics has been in effect in Denmark for 30 years..."

Shockley's speech was reprinted in the Academy's *Proceedings*, one of the world's leading scientific publications. The journal, like other responsible scientific publications, normally requires outside experts to pass on the validity of its articles. But papers by Academy members—even on subjects outside their field of expertise—are not refereed. According to Howard Lewis, director of the Academy's information office, "This privilege is granted to members upon election and is absolute."

Other publications and books soon began referring to the Danish sterilization program as fact. The *Indianapolis Star* ran a column on August 24, 1969, by editor Jameson C. Compaigne, one of Shockley's many admirers in the media. Responding to charges that Shockley was a racist, Compaigne wrote, "The problem is not race. It is genetics. For instance, Denmark, since 1935, has had a eugenics program based on long study and experience, which includes sterilization of people who have an IQ of less than 75."

In his book *Genetic Fix* published in 1973, Columbia sociologist Amitai Etzioni referred to Danish sterilization of women with IQ's below 75. Etzioni, who now admits he erred, says he relied only on secondary sources, particularly a book *The Biocrats* written in 1970 by Gerald Leach, a science writer for the *London Observer*. Leach did not footnote his source. Etzioni also found mention of the Danish program in a Congressional study of sterilization.

Etzioni's error was further compounded by UNESCO, which published a feature story, headlined "Genetic Engineering—Be Prepared!" and pegged to the Etzioni book, which it sent to news media around the world. The article quoted Etzioni as saying that legislation in Denmark, "hardly a socially backward country," requires sterilization of women whose IQ is less than 75.

The only problem with the *U.S. News* story and all the subsequent references to the Danish sterilization program is that Denmark never did have, and does not now have, anything resem-



William Shockley: Mixing up his facts.

bling a eugenics program. Denmark does have a Law on Sterilization and Castration, but it is similar to those in most other nations. It is designed primarily to protect mothers, children, and families—not society as a whole—from the economic, physiological, and social damages of unwanted or clinically dangerous pregnancies. There is no reference of any sort in the law to IQ test scores.

All the Danish officials and medical experts I have spoken with over the years maintain that the *U.S. News* account is fiction. Professor Jan Mohr of the University Institute of Medical Genetics in Denmark states flatly that defective mental development "is of

course not defined primarily by an IQ test." Mohr and Magna Norgaard, head of the Danish Mother's Aid Centers Department of Information and Statistics, deny that the function of the Danish sterilization program is, as *U.S. News* reported, to ameliorate the nation's social problems by the sterilization of criminals, mental patients, and people on welfare rolls. "This entire concept," Norgaard says, "is at variance with the Danish philosophy and ideas of human worth."

Mohr and Norgaard refute the charge that Danish prisoners are encouraged to undergo sterilizations as an inducement for release. Norgaard says, contrary to

U.S. News, that mothers of illegitimate children who have low IQ scores "are allowed to mingle with ordinary people" without first agreeing to sterilization. Of the 1,134 women granted sterilization in Denmark from 1970 to 1971, only 56 were unmarried.

Norgaard also disputes the *U.S. News* claim that Danish law provides for the sterilization of feeble-minded persons with IQ test scores less than 75. "There is no special law for sterilization of feeble-minded persons," she says. "Mental diseases are one of the grounds on which persons can apply for sterilization, but there are no special IQ test score cutoff points in the law."

What does *U.S. News* have to say today about its error? I recently wrote to Howard Fliegler, editor of *U.S. News*, to inquire about the preparation of the Danish eugenics story, and to ask if he planned to amend or retract his magazine's statements. Fliegler coolly replied that the magazine stood by its 1966 report.

Meanwhile, Shockley is still distributing copies of the *U.S. News* article, although he says "it's not a high priority item anymore." In his defense, he explains that he has corresponded with people in Denmark and that he has uncovered nothing to change his views on the accuracy of the *U.S. News* article. He admits, though, that he has noted a decline in the number of sterilizations in Denmark in recent years which would indicate that the program is not as comprehensive as he once believed.

To Danish geneticists, however, the *U.S. News* article is indeed a matter of "high priority." They resent the false comparison of Denmark with Nazi Germany, where over two million Germans were sterilized against their will. In the United States, the spread of this misinformation about Denmark has coincided neatly with the rapidly increasing rate of irreversible sexual sterilization. The intellectual climate in which these sterilizations have taken place is in part a result of the brainwashing effects of eugenics theories propounded by Shockley and his publicists—both knowing and unknowing—in the media. ■



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DEAR CAROLINE . . .

Advice From An Ex-Copyboy On Doing Time 'On D'Bench'

Fetching cat food and coffee for the 'Daily News.'

BY PAUL LA ROSA

Dear Caroline,

Needless to say, all of us here at the *Daily News* are delighted that you're now one of us—even as a copyboy. Which, by the way, is what we're all called, even the girls.

I don't know exactly why you've come, but I hope you're not expecting too much. Like everything else, being a copyboy at the *News* is not what it used to be. Once, long ago, before you or I were born, being a copyboy was the way reporters and photographers learned the ropes and paid their dues, all the while being reasonably sure that they'd get what they were after. Now, it's more like social security: you put in without ever knowing if you'll collect.

Let me try to give you a feel for what you're up against. At 4:15 on a weekday afternoon, the city room is busier than a singles bar on a Friday night. Technically, the deadline for the first edition is 4:00, but the last pieces of copy don't roll in till nearly five. As the excitement spreads, anxiety reigns.

Suddenly a call goes out. It's Associate City Editor Sal Gerage motioning that he needs someone. Vickie Russell hurries over. She has an M.A. in international affairs from Columbia and is as well-dressed as she is well-educated. Sal speaks in confidential tones. Vickie listens, then scurries down the back stairs. Her speed warrants a late-breaking story, but an informed observer knows better. Vickie returns with a pint of Schaefer beer. Sal thanks her and Vickie returns to the bench fifty cents richer.

That's the way it is, Caroline. Journalism is one crowded field and it's a buyer's market.

Let me tell you more. There are three benches placed strategically in the *News* city room where copyboys must sit and wait until someone yells out "copy" or, worse, "boy." The newcomers tend to spring off the bench and walk hurriedly over to whomever has called out. But don't mind them. Watch the veterans who are quite cagey when it comes to answering copycalls. They merely shift their bodies or move their heads in fakes worthy of Earl Monroe. The cardinal rule of the copyboys is that we must stay near a bench so that the reporters will know where we are when they need us. To wander away from the bench is to risk hearing the head copyboy, Carlos Velez, yell, "On d'bench," in a voice that is a cross between Ricky Ricardo and Andy Devine.

Most likely, Caroline, you'll be working with the daysiders, getting coffee, and more coffee for the reporters. About the only advantage I've ever detected in this is that I'll never have to buy sugar again since my house is so stacked with leftover Domino packets. It's a time-honored maxim that copyboys do as many favors as possible for the reporters on the theory that one day the reporters will recipi-

cate with favors of their own.

The more personal the favor, the more weight it is thought to carry. You know, like in the Mafia. For that reason, I once agreed to pay a phone bill on my lunch hour, thus averting Ma Bell's discontinuing the phone service of a reporter's mistress.

One of the favorite copyboy pastimes, which I really don't think will affect you, is cheating on your expense account. You'd be surprised how often copyboys will gladly walk somewhere and back just to have the satisfaction of pocketing the dollar carfare. Not that anyone actually needs the money. It's just a way of saying "Take that" for being sent out on some stupid errand.

For example, one of the regular copyboy assignments is fetching cat food for a veteran reporter's prize feline. Since the store, Fabulous Felines, is only 13 blocks away, I saw it as easy pickings for an extra dollar on my expense account. Halfway there, I regretted my decision—it was 15 degrees outside. Frozen, I took a bus back, losing fifty cents and my love for cats forever.

Reporters seem like pussycats, however, compared to editors. Dealing with them requires a special set of rules—namely, do whatever they say. Michael J. O'Neill, the executive editor of the *News*, once needed a sympathy card to send to the family of an acquaintance who had died. He sent one of his aides down to a Hallmark card shop to buy three cards so that he could pick the one he felt appropriate. O'Neill didn't like any of the cards and the aide, busy with other matters, handed the assignment over to me.

Eager to please, I returned to Hallmark, explained the situation to the woman cashier, and set about finding three more cards. I was sure one would be perfect, O'Neill would see how sharp I was, and would remember me as future editor material.

I handed the cards to O'Neill and set about admiring the decor of his office while I waited for his congratulations.

"Are you Italian?" O'Neill asked.

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so. Didn't they have any cards that were less florid? Something without birds?"

Luckily, Caroline, you'll miss the nights. A good thing too, because nights as a copyboy are a nightmare all their own. Nightsiders are asked to use their time in three ways: getting the papers when they come off the presses, undergoing fits of boredom and depression, and, worst of all, sharpening pencils.

As a copyboy, you often get the feeling that people have it in for you. When you're asked to sharpen pencils, you know someone has it in for you. Sharpening pencils for the *Daily News* is like being kidnapped by the S.L.A. In a tiny closet removed from human companionship, you breathe leaden fumes in an airless atmosphere. Except for the whirring of the electric pencil sharpener, there are no sounds and nothing to look at but manila envelopes and boxes of rubber bands.

Paul La Rosa was a copyboy at the Daily News for two years. He is now a city desk assistant. Caroline Kennedy was hired as a copyboy in June.

Michael Campbell



The Daily News copyboy bench as deadline approaches. The artist, 22-year-old Mike Campbell, has been a copyboy at the News for more than a year. He is a recent graduate of the School of Visual Arts.

But don't worry, Caroline. You are not alone. Those who do make it are an impressive, if varied lot. College and professional school graduates work right along with high school dropouts from the South Bronx and Little Italy. Conversations range from Billy Martin to Thomas Pynchon. One copyboy reads *The Kingdom and the Power* while the guy next to him has his head buried in *The Mighty Thor*.

What you'll really have to be wary of, Caroline, more than anything else, is being female. The newsroom is like a locker room and the printers are even worse. They stay down on the sixth floor, casing the new girls and giving them nicknames. Just ask the girl who's called "Monique the Cruel."

But don't get me wrong. We're all glad to be here. Everywhere we look sit Pulitzer Prize winners at the pinnacle of their profession. As prospective reporters and media junkies, we are living in our ideal world and yet we are apart from it, contributing only in the smallest way. In 1976, for example, I attended the Democratic National Convention and saw Carter give his acceptance speech; I was in the Yankee dug-out during their championship series against Kansas City. Yet, if you asked me what I did at these historic occasions, I would admit that I just ran errands.

So we wait, and hope, and sometimes we climb out. I myself don't run errands anymore, Caroline. After nearly two years on the bench, I'm a city desk assistant. I take complaints, opinions, suggestions, and story ideas that come in over the phone. I get to ferret out good tips and explain News policy, like why Santa Claus appeared on the front page holding a snub-nose .38, or why we supported President Ford after running that famous headline, "Ford to City: Drop Dead."

I wish you luck, Caroline, but I also want you to know how it'll be. Don't expect to be a photographer by the end of the summer. But hang in there, and come back after you graduate. Who knows? Maybe someday you will be a photographer and I will be a reporter—and we can go out on a story together. ■

THE DUBBING ART: DIRECTORS PAY FOR LIP SERVICE

Sound Studios Become Masters Of Sync; Can Put Words In Anybody's Mouth

Has the malignant craft improved the film industry?

BY MARK N. GRANT

It's an all-too-familiar scene for even the semi-sophisticated moviegoer: you're in a theater watching a foreign film, and the lips are moving one way and the dialogue is moving another. Oh God, the film is *dubbed*, you realize. And a *dubbed* film is a *bad* film, right? The word itself is anathema.

Well, you've been self-had. Because today dubbing is so sophisticated that it's got you fooled—adoring films you think aren't dubbed that are, or not knowing the many ways foreign films are actually enhanced, not diminished, by dubbing. So, while there is still bad dubbing, there is also very, very good dubbing, and contemptuous familiarity with the former has obscured the fact that prestigious directors willingly use the latter, distributors depend on it, and whole creative projects (*1900*, *War and Peace*) rise and fall on its availability.

Though at its best it can be an art unto itself, quality film dubbing has yet to make the big breakthrough. This season's superior dubbings of *1900* and, on TV, *Scenes from a Marriage* may change that. And, if anyone is to be credited with that change, it would have to be two of the top dubbing directors in the country—Lee Kresel and Paulette Rubinstein.

Kresel, 60 years old and heavyset, has been dubbing films since the early 1950s. He spends most of his time hunched over a movieola reading actors' lips, in a sound studio in the heart of New York's dubbing district. Most of the "class" dubbing is done here—in two tacky pre-war buildings on opposite corners of Broadway and 49th Street. The studios—Magno and Image—provide the space, equipment, soundmen, and projectionists; dubbing companies, such as Language and Motion, Titan, and Minotaur, hire Kresel, who works on a freelance basis, to do the rest—writing, hiring the dubbing actors, and directing. Though recognized as one of the leading technicians in his field, Kresel is modest about his craft. "What I do is not creative," he says. "It's like triple double-crochets."

Rubinstein, petite and in her early forties, was a musician before she started in the dubbing business. Her most recent work was on Bergman's *Scenes from a Marriage*, in which she not only wrote and directed the dubbing, but acted Liv Ullmann's role. Before that, she teamed up with Kresel to dub Bernardo Bertolucci's *1900*, a 5½-hour film that has not yet been released in this country. She has a feisty defensiveness about her work. "It's impossible to make a better product," she complains, "because dubbing is such a dirty word."

If dubbing is a dirty word it is largely because of the blind opposi-

tion of the film cognoscenti lobby and the persistence of a number of anti-dubbing canards that have made producers reluctant to invest money in good dubbing.

Six Canards

Canard No. 1: Whenever you see a subtitled film, you're always hearing the original actors' voices. Virtually all Italian films—including those of Fellini, Antonioni, and Rossellini—are already dubbed in the original Italian before they ever come to America, often by different, and inferior, Italian actors. In Italian film practice no sound is recorded on location; the entire soundtrack is post-synced in a studio later. Thus American audiences who saw the English subtitled version of Bertolucci's *The Conformist* unknowingly heard two Italian actors' voices emanating from the lips of the French-speaking leads, Jean-Louis Trintignant and Dominique Sanda. "If Americans saw an American film with the inaccuracies in synchronization of any Fellini film in the original Italian, they'd get up and leave the theater," says Lee Kresel, "because Fellini sometimes has his actors say, '1-2-3-4-5-6' and then dubs it later."

Corollary to this canard is its converse: *When you see a dubbed film, you're always hearing different actors' voices.* Leading foreign film stars often dub themselves in English; occasionally one star will do himself while a dubbing actor will do the other star. A show business trade paper reviewing a second dubbing of an earlier bad English dubbing of *The Priest's Wife*, a film with Marcello Mastroianni and Claudia Cardinale, panned all the actors except "the two leads, who obviously did themselves." In fact, an actor named Earl Hammond dubbed Mastroianni.

Canard No. 2: Dubbing is artistically inferior to the original language version, and foreign directors avoid dubbing like the plague. No less a director than Bernardo Bertolucci, who, contrary to Italian practice, usually shoots his films in live sound, personally supervised the English dubbing of his film *1900* in New York this past winter. "It depends on how it's done," Bertolucci says simply. "Sometimes it's very bad, sometimes it can be good, sometimes, paradoxically, it can be even better than the original. I don't want to be closed." But what about the aesthetic sanctity of the original? "That's moralistic. The artistic integrity can come out from various kinds of manipulation, and something very good can come out of something that's considered corrupt, like dubbing."

But how can an actor give as good a performance, reprise the same nuances, when he's reading a script in a tiny studio months out of context of the original shooting on location? Says Donald Sutherland,

Mark Grant is a freelance writer based in New York City. He last wrote for MORE on "real" people commercials.



Quiet on the set: Federico Fellini directs *Casanova*, starring Donald Sutherland (right). Even the original Italian is dubbed in later.

who post-synched himself in both *1900* and Fellini's *Casanova*, "Sometimes you improve it."

Canard No. 3: Dubbing is done by hack actors. The high-priced New York dubbing actors are moonlighters from theater and television who are expert in this craft's special demands. Paulette Rubinstein has not merely dubbed Liv Ullmann, she's Ullmann's certified alter ego. She sounds uncannily like Ullmann and knows the Norwegian actress personally. Ullmann had been formally nominated for an Oscar a few years back for Bergman's *Cries and Whispers*, until the Academy discovered that the Ullmann on the soundtrack was actually Paulette Rubinstein, and retracted the nomination in embarrassment. Academy rules deem an actor eligible only if he's dubbed himself in the original.

Rubinstein dubbed Ullmann in the complete *Scenes from a Marriage* seen on public television this spring. Says producer David Griffiths, "I was skeptical, but Paulette sounds so much like Liv. I don't consider it a dubbing, I consider it a new English version. It's done with great skill and it just looks like they're saying what's coming out." At a dubbing session for *Scenes*, a stunned gentleman from Channel 13 stepped up to Rubinstein and said, "I think you know her better than she knows herself." Grandeur still, the ultimate accolade: Ingmar Bergman told her on the telephone, "I hope you will always do my films."

Says Rubinstein: "I've had cases where performances on screen were not all that good, and I've had fine actors quite frankly improve them, because the dubber simply was a better actor than the one on screen."

Canard No. 4: Subtitling by its very nature preserves the sense of the original better than dubbing. Subtitling wipes out at least 30-35 per cent of the original script, while dubbing realizes close to all of it. "I'm not against titling, because I speak a few languages," says Kresel, who has directed English dubbing of everything from French to Urdu, "but I've always thought that the person who doesn't speak the

language and sits at a subtitled film at which the heroine has a 12-line speech which is explained by two and a half lines of titles, fills in in his imagination, and that's better than anything he can hear." Rubinstein adds, "You get a general impression of what is being said. You do not get the specifics. There's a critic who wrote, 'Go see the original *Scenes from a Marriage*, it would be impossible to dub it anyway.' That's just bullshit. The subtitles in that film give you about one-third the content, if that, because the film is constant talk."

Canard No. 5: Dubbing is incapable of precise lip synchronization. The current state of the art includes digitally clocked, split-second sync calibrated to the exact frame of the film, sound mixing so finely tuned that the superimposition of new dialogue over original music and sound effects is undetectable. Dialogue is phonetically engineered consonant by consonant to match almost perfectly the lip movements on screen. Given enough time on the job, out-of-syncness can be reduced to an imperceptible minimum.

Canard No. 6: Dubbing is always the option of necessity, not choice, and there is never an artistically logical reason to dub. The availability of dubbing has made it possible to produce films with multilingual all-star casts. Clint Eastwood, for example, became a star when Italian director Sergio Leone picked him out of *Rawhide* to appear in Leone's all-dubbed spaghetti westerns (Eastwood dubbed himself).

In some recent European films, extra takes were systematically done for every shot in the film in each alternate-language version the picture would later be dubbed in, with the actors speaking or miming the alternate language phonetically in order to facilitate sync in the later dubbing by other actors. Bertolucci filmed *1900* partly in Italian, partly in a northern Italian dialect, partly in French, German, and English. Actor Gerard Depardieu spoke mostly English in the original version, lapsing into his native French only at the whim of the moment in passionate, long-winded speeches. Only the availability of dubbing made this polyglot commercially viable.



Italian dubbing masters: Bertolucci's five-and-a-half-hour epic, 1900 (left), and a scene from a Sergio Leone "spaghetti western," A Fistful of Dollars.

Other big films seen in international, dubbed versions include the 1968 Russian *War and Peace* and Visconti's *The Leopard*. No New York critic knew it wasn't Claudia Cardinale's voice on the soundtrack of the English version of Leone's *Once Upon a Time in the West* (1968), or knew that Leone had come to New York personally to dub Cardinale with an American actress, even though Cardinale speaks perfect English. Why? He wanted to improve her performance.

Villain, a British film with Richard Burton, had such heavy Cockney accents and so many obscure Cockney expressions that the entire picture was dubbed under Lee Kresel's direction with vocabulary intelligible to American audiences by American actors affecting Cockney accents. As Kresel puts it, "What do you do with a western dubbed in English in Europe where they say, 'Hey, pardner-a, you-a comin' along-a the trail?' It's English, but it has to be dubbed." Dominique Sanda spoke English in 1900, but Bertolucci had her dub herself over in some parts in which her accent came on too strong. In the 1950s Jean Renoir shot *Paris Does Strange Things* in both French and English versions—and later dubbed the English into English!

The First Dubbers

Dubbing originated, logically enough, at the dawn of the sound era when the first American talkies were distributed in Europe in subtitles. Much of the European movie-going audience at the time was illiterate. So Italian and Spanish-speaking people living in the United States were hired to post-sync these early sound pictures into their respective tongues. Later, the post-war Italian neo-realist directors picked up the technique and gave it its present notoriety. "It was a great moment for the Italian cinema because Rossellini and DeSica brought the cameras outside the studios into the street, into reality," Bertolucci wistfully recalls, "but they began to use voices of actors to make the dubbing for people they picked up off the street. They thought that someone good for the face was not good for the voice."

In the late 1940s, the Italian government, eager to export its films as goodwill ambassadors of a reconstructed country, set up the first English dubbing outfit in New York. It had become apparent that subtitles weren't playing in Peoria. They still don't. Of some 6000 play outlets in the country now, only the art houses

in the big cities will take the titled version; people elsewhere won't buy tickets unless it's in English and not titled (an unfortunate yahooism which has further tarnished dubbing in the eyes of the urban aesthetes).

But what about the sync-less wonders so definitively lampooned in Woody Allen's *What's Up Tiger Lily*? It all comes down to money: a two-week rush job with no eye for sync might cost only \$20,000, while allowing the time for a careful job will run up to \$70,000. The decision to go the big money route "usually depends on how successful the launching of the subtitled version is," according to Donald Rugoff, president of Cinema V. Sometimes other factors enter into the decision. *Let's Talk About Men*, an early, sub-par Lina Wertmuller effort, was resurrected and newly dubbed after she became a cult figure.

But when there's no clear call to go for quality, do the big distributors still shell out? "Don't bet on it," says Joe Ellison of August Films in New York. "The bigger they are, the tighter they are when it's a marginal film. We've found distributors would rather run to Europe or Hong Kong and get a lousy job at a lower price." Says Helen Eisen-

man of Peppercorn-Wormser Films, "Certain exploitation movies, people feel, are so explosive in the visual quality that you don't have to bother with accurate lip sync. And the unions screwed up, chasing themselves out of New York by making it very difficult. It can be done a lot less expensively in Paris."

As a result, pockets of amateurish expatriate American actors have grown up in Rome, Paris, and Hong Kong, and these are the people largely responsible for the dubbing you love to hate. "Sometimes in Paris they just whip it out for the money in five days," corroborates Fred Newman, an actor who has done dubbing on both sides of the Atlantic. And bilingual actor-director George Gonneau, now head of New York's Minotaur dubbing company and formerly Joseph Levine's post-production chief in Paris, says that many of the dubbing actors abroad are old radio emoters of the pre-television era "who have been abroad for 25 years and don't have a clear idea of what's racy dialogue." Bertolucci came to New York because, he says, there is "a much larger choice of actors. In Rome there are only about 100 English-speaking actors."

The dubber often dubs more

than one role in a picture. Though in the past the ability to muster a variety of foreign dialects and to render them light, medium, or heavy on cue was in demand, today directors ask only for a flavor of an accent. "The people with the real accents aren't glib enough in English," says Kresel, "so they can't go faster when you want or slower and make it a convincing reading." Many of the best dubbers are musicians by background. "You have to choreograph each sentence as you dub," says Terry van Tell, one of the inner dubbing circle and a former pianist. The same actors tend to be used all the time, she says, because "you can't take the

time to explain what a fricative or a labial looks like."

"Fricatives" and "labials" is shop talk for one key to good sync. "M's," "B's," and "P's" are labials (consonants formed with lips closed) and "F's," "V's," and "W's" the fricatives (lips semi-closed). The writer-director hired by the dubbing company works from both the original foreign-language script and a literal, unidiomatic English translation. He sits at the movieola for some six weeks to write dialogue that precisely matches the labials and fricatives on screen with labials and fricatives in English words. Says Kresel, "Many times you have trouble with on-

screen actors who speak vowels distinctly. You can't say 'ah' when he's saying 'oo.' The trouble with Japanese is that they don't close their mouths very much; they say 'harakiri' without closing, so you can't use a labial there. On the other hand, German is easy to do because the accented word, the point where the character thrusts his finger, comes pretty much where it does in a comparative English sentence. And you can't have an actor banging the table and saying 'The.'"

How It's Done

The actual dubbing is done via a mechanical system called the loop. The entire film is chopped

into short "loops" 90 seconds or less in duration. Each loop is dubbed one at a time, threaded onto the projector so as to circle continuously until the next loop is put on in its place. The loops are played several times, both without any sound and with the original sound, so that the actor can observe and thoroughly rehearse every little nuance before the recorded take. The actor may go through twenty takes to get the right sync, and whenever the red "Quiet—recording" light flashes on, virtual rigor mortis overtakes all life in the studio (even ballpoint pen clicks and stomach rumblings must be silenced). During recording, a 3-channel tape

SCENES FROM A DUBBING

"2402, retake 2—Olmo," calls out a woman seated at a desk with push buttons. A red light at the upper right-hand corner of the screen goes on, and the actor at the boom microphone, a frizzy-haired young man in overalls named Victor Garber, tensely poises himself, then pounces: "Prison . . . prison . . . PRISON!!!"

"No, very much earlier," calls out Bertolucci from the back of the room.

Paulette Rubinstein, the director of this session of 1900, rises from the right, tells the sound man to "pull down the volume on the second 'prison,'" and tells Garber to speak the first "prison" when Olmo's two arms go up as he passes two other men on the hill on the screen. "Walk it through with me," she says, and he does so as the loop is played again, first with the lowered second "prison" to hear how it sounds, then without any sound. Now retake 3. She cues Garber to the exact split-second by semaphoring her arm. "Smile on the first 'prison'; louder on the third," says Bertolucci. Two more takes and it's right.

"2403, take one." The original foreign-language sound comes on, and Olmo, the French actor Gerard Depardieu, is speaking a pidgin English. He says "gwards" for guards. Garber redoes the word. 2404. Depardieu runs. Garber hyper-ventilates. Depardieu waves his arms. Garber gesticulates wildly. "Don't take the breath on this shot!" Bertolucci admonishes, moving forward to shepherd Garber through the line, not taking his eyes off the screen. Cue: "Stellaaaa! Martinaaaa! Gialindaaaa!" Garber shouts. Three takes are re-recorded on three tape channels, and Bertolucci decides that the final print will consist of "Stellaaaa!" from channel A, "Martinaaaaa!" from channel B, and "Gialindaaaa!" from C.

2405. Olmo is eating at a table. Garber dashes to the back of the room and cadges some chiclets from the sound man for the chewing effect. Olmo, laughing, shakes a salami phallically. "Be more vulgar with the salami," Bertolucci instructs. 2406. Now Depardieu is speaking French on the original guidetrack. Garber tries several takes but the sync isn't right. "I can't say 'thousands' over 'des milliers,'" he declares in final exasperation. A moment's pause. Then Paulette Rubinstein suggests, "Say 'hundreds of us' and make it a long 'us.'" It works.



Retaping the talkies: Master dubber Lee Kresel directs at Magno Studio.

Garber's finished for the day and another actor steps up. The character on screen is a mere bit part. Gyrating wildly, hands thrashing the air, the actor shouts on cue into the mike, "Ohhh . . . no!! . . . the du-ce doesn't exist!"

Bertolucci: "The last part is good but the 'no' is weak. Nooooo!" The actor retakes it, and the retake is played back. "That's better." Lee Kresel calls to the sound man, "Use this 'no' and let's hear the other second part."

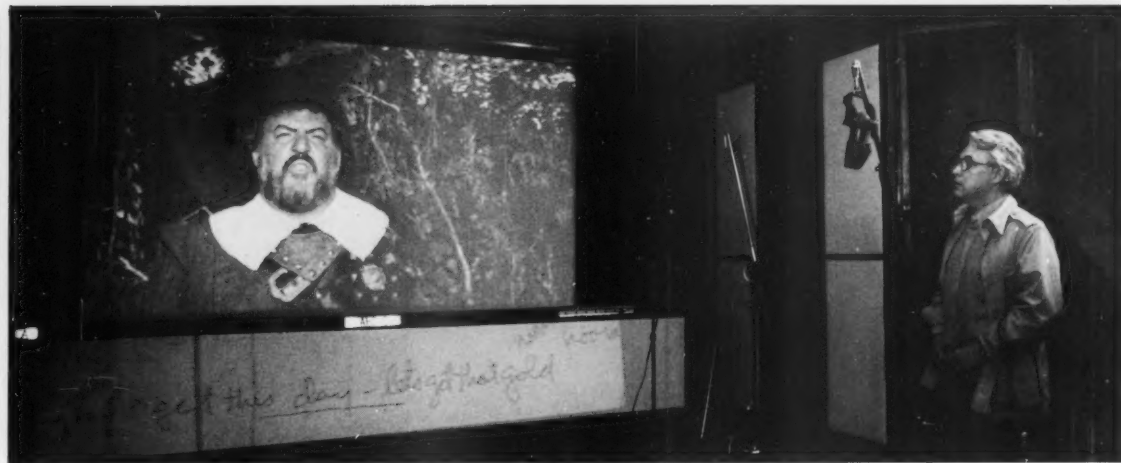
Silence from the sound booth.

"Where's the 'oh'?" Kresel repeats. "I'm asking for a playback that has the 'oh' and 'the duce doesn't exist' from the last one."

Finally, the sound man says he can't find one. "Then he has to do another 'oh.' Play this again with 'no' from the last one and 'the duce doesn't exist.'"

Later, after the loop is completed, the actor who dubbed the bit notes, "You know, there are several ways to read it and still be in sync. Bertolucci is extremely particular about every word."

Libby Bianchi



Dubber George Gonneau using the "band" system on the movie *Black Pirate*. A tape of the words to be dubbed runs below the corresponding scene.

which can be monitored at the touch of a button holds the three best takes, providing a kind of editing-as-you-go, so that part of a word on take A can be spliced later to another word from another take of the same speech on channel B. The volume of each channel also can be boosted or lowered as the director hears fit.

This system permits great feats of sleight-of-hand. For example, some of Burt Lancaster's outdoor speeches in *1900* did not come out well. Lancaster could not come to New York to redo them, so Language and Motion forthwith acquired the services of Larry Foster, an impressionist who does Burt Lancaster. Foster did the scenes as any dubber would (and was directed by Bertolucci), vetting Lancaster through several dry runs of the loop, working into his impression as he talked along with him, landing with that Lancastrian gritted jaw on the plosive 'p' in peasant. Will viewers of the finished version ever know that some of Lancaster's own enunciations are intercut inside of the same sentence with Foster's?

Two other dubbing systems offer refined variations on the loop theme. With E.P.S. (electronic post-synchronization), the dubbing scriptwriter designates the desired loop cuts by listing their frame numbers and programming them into a computer. This obviates chopping the film into short strips that the pro-

jectionist has to change manually every few minutes. In E.P.S., to get to the next "loop," the sound man merely pushes a button that automatically advances the full film reel to the exact frames of the loop, and shuttles it back to repeat for retakes. A digital frame counter ticks off below the movie screen, and the actor is cued in by four beeps, on the last of which he must start his line to be in sync. If he starts too soon, his dialogue will be clipped at the beginning; if too late, clipped at the end. However, with E.P.S. the whole speech can later be electronically realigned to conform with the proper frames.

The third system, the band, is just that—a running strip projected on a second screen below the picture screen with the dubbing dialogue written out in long-hand. The band runs continuously from left to right through a vertical line which descends to cue the actor like a bouncing ball. It's a cross between an eyechart and a conveyor belt, and if this sounds complicated, you should see Minotaur's state-of-the-art composite: the band plus E.P.S.

"The band gives me total flexibility," says George Gonneau of Minotaur. "Most people think of dubbing as only on-screen problems. But it's also difficult when you have two people talking together off-screen. Where does one begin and one end? Well, you can take footages—he starts at

421 and ends at 480—but that gets very complicated. Here it's simply written out. I can do anything I want on screen and write it exactly where I want it."

To illustrate his point: in Truffaut's *Small Change* there is an extended sequence with a little child chasing a cat that climaxes in the child's falling out of an open window several stories up. Landing miraculously unscathed, the child gets up and proclaims he's "gone boom." Gonneau post-synced that scene without even screening it; having pre-written and pre-calibrated the English dialogue, he merely hired a child actor to read the lines into a mike, since the goo-gooing dialogue did not require precise sync, and later dropped it into the designated slot.

After all the dubbing is completed, the working print is remixed in a sound lab with the music-and-effects track of the original. The single most critical factor separating a good from a bad dubbing is the quality of the mix. The dubbing acting may be decent but the mix may raise the dialogue level inordinately high, making it sound phony. "This is something even distributors don't understand. You can make it or break it in the mix," says Joe Ellison of August Films. "You'll have a truck going by in a close-up and you hardly hear it; you'll still hear the dialogue right over it. Even sync problems, even act-

ing problems, can be covered in a mix. It's where you make the film play."

The subtle technologies of dubbing have not fallen entirely on deaf ears. Though Paulette predicted that her job on *Scenes* would be panned by the critics, most notices were good. Wrote John O'Connor in *The New York Times*, "As a reviewer, I have never been satisfied with any sort of voice dubbing in films, but it must be conceded that this English-language version of *Scenes from a Marriage* comes very close to almost total acceptability. Written and directed by Paulette Rubinstein, the dubbing manages to convey the vocal qualities and emotional content of the original Swedish soundtrack to a remarkable degree."

Paulette is pleased, yet canards die hard, even with their refuters. "There's no way I could do Liv as well as Liv, any more than Liv could do me. When you're trying to find another actor's performance, no matter how much time you take you're going to miss a little thing here and there because you didn't have all the weeks with the original director and you can't get inside the actor's head that far. I'm not saying any English version can come up to the original, given that you understand the language fluently. I'm saying that the second best is a good English version. Third, titles. Fourth, a lousy dubbing job." ■

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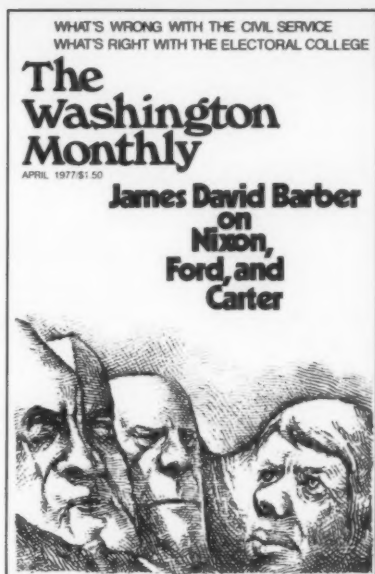
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M072

THE JODY WATCH

SCREW-UP OF-THE-MONTH

Media Finds Loophole In Carter's IRS Story

Auditing the President's motives.

BY AARON LATHAM

Jimmy Carter "lied" to us in his campaign for the Presidency. Actually it wasn't a lie; he simply misled us.

Carter ran as the on-time candidate and has been late ever since. His compulsion about being on time at all his stops was taken as a promise that his administration would be up to the task of government reorganization. Yet once Carter reached the White House, the slippage set in. Cabinet meetings began running late. Then major legislative proposals began going up to the Hill late. Jimmy Carter, the organized candidate, is being transformed into President Carter, the disorganized chief of state.

The White House Press Office is partially responsible for this appearance of confusion. For the press office is the face that the White House presents to the world—and it is somewhat unkempt. June's screw-up-of-the-month concerned the President's taxes.

On June 8, *Newsday*, the Long Island newspaper, reported that Carter's taxes were being audited by the Internal Revenue Service. That afternoon the White House Press Office told reporters that the President's taxes were being audited at the President's request because he wanted to set a precedent. Over an hour later, the press office called reporters together again to announce that Carter had not asked for an audit and did not want to set a precedent. If the

President's accountants are as disorganized as the press office, then Jimmy Carter is in big trouble with the IRS.

The two hours that shook the press office are worth remembering not only for what they tell us about Presidential spokesmen but also for what they show us about the White House press corps. For June 8 should definitely go down in history as The Day the Briefing Worked. By which I mean that the briefing—an institution designed to show how smart the press secretary is and how dumb reporters are—worked the other way around for once.

The tax story was yet another favor Billy did for his big brother Jimmy. Little brother was going around complaining about his taxes being audited. Since Billy and Jimmy were in business together, it seemed likely that the President's taxes might be audited, too. A curious Pat Sloyan at *Newsday* queried Jody Powell: he wanted to know whether Jimmy Carter's tax returns were being audited now or had been audited in the past.

Powell brought the matter up with the President and learned that there was indeed an audit. But at first the press secretary thought it was an old story, ancient history. As Powell later explained: "I asked the President, in passing, the wrong question as it turned out. I asked, 'Is this your current tax return or the past tax returns?'"

"He said, 'Past tax returns.'"

"I should have gone further and said, 'Is auditing going on now? Has it been completed?' or

whatever.

"Pat came back and asked the question I should have asked: 'Well, whether it is an old tax return or a new one, is the audit going on now?'"

"I went back to the President and asked him that question.

"He said, 'Yes, it is going on now.'"

"I told Pat."

The next day, Pat Sloyan wrote the story in *Newsday*.

Thanks, Billy.

In the aftermath of the *Newsday* story, Rex Granum, the 26-year-old deputy press secretary, talked to Powell and the President. Then he went out to brief the press. There were mistakes right from the beginning.

"There is one piece of information which was not available to us earlier in the day which sheds a different light on the matter," Granum said. "The President's accountant for many years, Robert Perry, from Americus, met with the IRS representatives in December. And at that meeting, on behalf of the President, he asked that the IRS take steps to satisfy itself on the accuracy of the President's past tax returns. In other words, he asked that they be reviewed."

A reporter asked, "Are you saying the IRS was approached by Perry first? That was the first contact?"

"Yes," Granum said unequivocally. "Mr. Perry said that in light of past events we thought it would be a good precedent to set. . . . We desired to set the precedent of having the President's income tax reviewed."

A reporter said, "Are you telling us that if Mr. Perry had not asked for the audit, the IRS never would have audited the President?"

Granum said, "That is what I am given to understand, yes."

"Why would the President-elect feel compelled to ask the IRS to satisfy itself to the accuracy of the returns?" a reporter asked.

"Because of a desire . . . to set a precedent," the deputy press secretary repeated. "And so there is no problem." Obviously alluding here to some previous problems with a President's income

tax returns.

However, for once the White House press corps did some good thinking on its feet (there are very few chairs in the briefing room).

"If he was attempting to set a precedent, why is it only coming out now?" a reporter wondered. "Why wasn't it revealed at the time? Why is it coming months and months later through the back door?"

Granum said, "The President felt that this was an appropriate action and he asked his accountant to carry it out. He felt no particular need to make a large display out of it."

Whenever a Presidential spokesman speaks, one naturally wonders how much of what he says is Presidential and how much is spokesman. Normally, it is hard to tell to what extent the spokesman embellishes, makes up, adds to what the President has actually expressed. But we are given a rare clue to just how far a



Newsday's Pat Sloyan: he broke the story.

Presidential spokesman will go in this case. For the White House not only invented what turned out to be a fictitious motive (the desire to set a precedent), it also invented fictitious Presidential feelings. *He felt no particular need to make a large display.* Rex Granum invented non-existent Presidential modesty. Descriptions of how President Carter feels will never mean quite as much to me again.

The reporters were not satisfied. They kept asking nagging questions: Why was the IRS also

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auditing Billy Carter and Lillian Carter? Did Billy and Miz Lillian want to set precedents, too? And who made the first call, anyway? The IRS or Carter's accountant?

"Who initiated it?" a reporter asked the by-now shaky deputy press secretary.

"That is what I will find out," Granum said.

A reporter said, "It passes imagination you would come out here without that answer."

"I will be back just as quickly as I can," Granum promised.

The time was 2:40 p.m.

At 3:58 p.m., Rex Granum returned to the briefing room. This time Jody Powell accompanied him.

"I apologize for the lengthy delay," Granum began. "I think we have about got things straightened out. Some of my statements were in error, and they are honest mistakes, and I hope you understand it."

"What are the facts?" asked the Sgt. Friday of the press corps.

Jody Powell undertook to an-

swer this question: "I will try to point out the areas where I intentionally"—(an interesting slip)—"misled people last night and where Rex misled people this morning."

Powell went on to say that both the President and the IRS wanted to be sure the President's tax returns were in order.

"The audit of the '75 tax returns, which is taking place now, is being carried out in the framework of that mutual desire. However, I don't think that we can say that it is taking place because of that desire on our part. I think it is more correct to say that it is taking place because of that desire on their part."

A reporter said, "When Rex was explaining this earlier today, he said it was at the President's suggestion to set a precedent. Then that immediately raised the question: well, if he wanted to set a precedent, why didn't he make it known at the time?"

Powell explained, "Obviously the reason the press office wasn't

told that the President had asked the IRS to check his tax returns was because he didn't ask the IRS to check his tax returns . . . There was not a situation—contrary to what Rex thought and I thought too—where we went to the IRS and said, 'Look, folks, aren't we good guys? Why don't you come down and audit all the tax returns?'"

A reporter said, "I guess the question I am asking is: how did this story get around the White House that the President wanted to set a precedent?"

"I think that evolved out of my conversation with Rex," Powell said, "but not out of something the President had said."

No higher-ups were involved.

A reporter said, "Rex came out and gave us wrong information about a matter some people could consider very serious in light of the fact we have had past cover-ups in other administrations. Probably that would have stood if we hadn't kept questioning about who initiated it . . ."

"It was a combination of a misunderstanding and a mistake," Powell maintained.

"It was not only a mistake," a reporter said. "Someone sort of hatched up a motive . . . about the President wanting to set a precedent."

"The question of the President's motivation was my interpretation of the President's motivation, not Rex's," Powell said. "I realize what the problem is here. At every successive step, unwarranted assumptions were made . . . Assumptions were piled on top of assumptions, and were just wrong."

"You are planning for the future and thinking about precedents," a reporter observed. "Does the President intend to have his tax returns audited every year from now on?"

Powell said flatly, "We have not made any requests that they be audited."

In other words, all that business about the President modestly wanting to set a precedent was as wrong as it could be. Not only had Carter not sought to set a precedent in the past, he had no intentions of setting one in the future. The thirty-ninth President of the United States was as suspi-

cious of the IRS as the American people.

This time the White House Press Office's assumptions—its lively imagination, its penchant for fiction based loosely on fact—got it in trouble. But one cannot help wondering how many times the press office has gotten away with fictions that were only half-fals and so were never contradicted.

During the 1960s, American journalists discovered a form of reporting that came to be known as the New Journalism. The trick was essentially to bring the techniques of fiction to factual reporting. That sometimes meant probing inside a subject's head in a quest for motives and feelings. The White House Press Office would seem to have—at least in this case—adopted this technique. Not only the writer but also the source became "creative." Relying on poetic license, the press office "created" a Presidential motive, Presidential feelings, Presidential modesty. We were taken inside the President's head. The White House invented the New Briefing to give us the New News. That's one way to make a tax story more interesting.

The next day, a reporter asked Jody Powell, "Did the President have any comment this morning on yesterday's story, the way his income tax audit came to light?"

"I didn't give him a chance to comment," the press secretary said. "I commented first."

"What did he basically feel?" a reporter asked.

This time the White House was careful to label an assumption an assumption.

"Let me make it clear that this is an assumption on my part and not based on anything he said," Jody Powell said. "But I would assume that he feels that the interpretation that he is an honest, decent guy that has been screwed up by an incompetent press office is about the best way it could have come out under the circumstances."

(The White House was so disorganized when it came time to filing the former on-time candidate's 1976 tax returns that it had to ask the IRS for two extensions.)



Jody Powell (left) and Rex Granum: "It was a combination of a misunderstanding and a mistake."

SPORTS

SEAVER BEANED
BY COLUMNISTIs Dick Young Designated
Hitter For Mets Management?

Pitcher slams owner-writer connection.

BY JOSEPH VALERIO

On the day Tom Seaver joined the Cincinnati Reds, the managing editor of the New York *Daily News*, William Brink, ordered me out of his office. The events were not entirely unrelated.

Before leaving New York, baseball's best pitcher placed the onus for his trade on Dick Young, the *Daily News* columnist and confidant of Mets Chairman M. Donald Grant.

Young's long and bitter campaign against Seaver reached its climax on June 15, the day of the baseball trading deadline. To Young, Seaver was unhappy with the Mets because "Nolan Ryan is getting more [money] now than Seaver, and that galls Tom because Nancy Seaver and Ruth Ryan are very friendly and Tom Seaver long has treated Nolan Ryan like a little brother."

That morning, when Seaver's agent phoned the pitcher in Atlanta and read Young's column to him, the three-time Cy Young award winner immediately called Mets General Manager Joe McDonald and told him: "I want out." That evening he was traded to Cincinnati for four relatively unknown ballplayers.

"Young could call me an ingrate, a headache, just about anything he wanted," Seaver says. "An attack on my family was something I couldn't take."

The morning after the trade, the *New York Post* ran this headline across its back page: "Dick

Young Drove Seaver Out of Town." Red Smith, *The New York Times*' Pulitzer Prize-winning sports columnist, referred to Young as M. Donald Grant's "tame columnist" and branded Young's charges about Seaver's jealousy of Ryan "garbage." (Young had recently called Smith a "pitiable shell of a once great writer.")

Seaver, meanwhile, lashed out at Young on ABC-TV's nationally broadcast *Good Morning, America*. Local New York television and radio news shows chastised Young. And the *Daily News*' switchboard was lit like a pinball machine.

The next day, a rather remarkable column by Pete Hamill appeared in the very same *Daily News*. In part, Hamill wrote: "There is, of course, no way to discuss the departure of Seaver without discussing the role of Dick Young. For almost two years Young has been functioning as a hit man for the Met management, and in that role he has helped drive a great ballplayer out of town, helped demoralize younger men and, worst of all, demeaned his own talents." Strong stuff for one *Daily News* columnist to be writing about another.

But there was more to the Hamill column that never got into print. Three pages of his original copy had been cut by Managing Editor Bill Brink and Executive Editor Mike O'Neill, including this line: "The Dick Young who stoops that low is not the Dick Young who has been a glory of sports journalism for more than

30 years. He is a man who has taken his eye off the ball."

It was while discussing the cuts in Hamill's column that Brink accused me of spying and showed me to the door. Too bad. We had a great deal to discuss because, quite simply, the body of Young's recent work has been an embarrassment to journalism and his reportorial ethics a blight on anyone who has ever gone after a story. Young seems to have lost sight of the sharp dividing line between freedom of the press and freedom to oppress.

The old Dick Young used to spend time in the trenches, in the dugouts, digging out stories. The new Dick Young, Executive Sports Editor of the *News*, hangs out in the conference rooms of major league managements planning the next day's stories. His actions have left him open to charges of conflict of interest.

Item: Young arranged for his son-in-law, Thornton Geary, to be hired as the Mets' TV-Radio Director in December, 1973.

Item: Over the years, Young has been paid by the Mets to write the narrative for the team's annual 20-minute film of the season's highlights. He has also been paid by the commissioner of baseball to write the World Series highlights film.

Item: Young sat in on at least two top-level Mets management meetings (at Grant's request) which led to outfielder Cleon Jones' departure during the 1975 season.

Item: During the mid-'60s, Young was replaced after two seasons of doing "color" commentary for the Jets football broadcasts on WABC-Radio. According to Walter Schwarz, then vice president of WABC-Radio, "He was functioning as a mouthpiece for Weeb Ewbank [then Jets coach]. I insisted that our broadcasters call them as they saw 'em, not as the ballclub wanted them called."

Item: Young has frequently been the guest of sporting events sponsors and has plugged those sponsors in his columns. (These trips are called junkets and are not uncommon for sportswriters to take.) For example, Young toured Japan with his wife as guests of the Mets at the conclu-

sion of the 1974 season. Young has also accepted junkets to the American Airlines Golf Classic in Palm Springs.

Now 60, in his fortieth year as a newspaperman, Dick Young is probably the most influential sports columnist in the nation. In addition to the five columns he writes every week for the largest circulation daily in the country, his columns are syndicated in 90 papers including *The Sporting News*, the *Detroit Free Press*, and the *Philadelphia Inquirer*.

His recent diatribe against Seaver was merely another chapter in his crusade against the new wave of athletes, capitalist jocks out for big bucks who add insult to injury by actually expressing anti-establishment opinions—as when Seaver and Muhammad Ali spoke out against the Vietnam War. Thus, Seaver was banished to Young's Hall of Shame.

In recent years, Young has taken a consistently pro-management stance. Some believe that this position is directly traceable to his son-in-law's employment with the Mets. But it is hardly likely that a position worth no more than \$15,000 a year would do that to a man of Young's stature. One veteran baseball writer puts it this way: "What's happened to Dick's views is that he isn't getting around like he used to. He used to have great ballplayer contacts. But now they've faded out of the game. Now he has to rely more and more on the guys in the front office. Those contacts are always easier to develop and they last longer."

Young agrees that his views have changed over the years. Where once he rebelled against management, now he sides with it: "I think in the case of the ballplayers wanting more and more money that they're going to ruin the game," he says. "On this I side with the owners unequivocally. The players' greed will kill the game."

One column written in 1975 displayed Young's emotion on the subject. When Peter Seitz, a 71-year-old arbitrator, ruled that baseball's ancient reserve clause was illegal, Young wrote: "Pete Seitz reminds me of a terrorist, a

Joseph Valerio is a reporter with ABC-TV.

THE COLUMN THAT MADE SEAUER SEE RED

Tom Seaver says that Dick Young's June 15 Daily News column was the "final straw," the verbal attack that drove him to ask Mets Board Chairman M. Donald Grant to trade him to the Cincinnati Reds. The following are excerpts from that column.

In a way, Tom Seaver is like Walter O'Malley. Both are very good at what they do. Both are very deceptive in what they say. Both are very greedy.

Greed is greed, whether it is manifested by an owner or a ballplayer . . . Tom Seaver is after more money. He wants to break his contract with the Mets. "Renegotiate" is the pretty word used for it in this time of pretty words.

So, Tom Seaver said, over and over, that the Mets were not competitive in the free agent field. He said the front office was not spending money the way it should. He made it appear that he wanted the money to be spent on others, but really he wanted it to be spent on him. He talked ideals, but actually he was talking hard cash.

Like O'Malley, Tom Seaver couldn't say that out loud. How would it sound for Tom Terrific, All-American boy, to disavow a contract he had signed in good faith? . . . It is all there, all so clearly in the conversation between him and Don Grant last Friday. The Mets were in Houston. Seaver decided to phone the Mets' chairman, as Grant was hoping he would.

"I don't know where to start," Tom Seaver started, and so he started with the old smoke-screen. He talked about how making Joe Torre manager was a good move, and the deal for Lenny Randle really helped the club, and it would be nice if they could get another hitter, like Dave Winfield of San Diego.

"Tom, I know that," said Grant. "We have been talking about Winfield for you, and we haven't been able to close that. It is very easy to say, let's get a hitter."

"What about free agents?" said Seaver. "Will you go after them the next time?"



"Our board will discuss it," said Grant, "and appraise what good or bad it has done for other teams, and we will decide if that is the route we care to follow." . . . Eventually Seaver got around to the real purpose of his call, more money for Tom Seaver. Renegotiation.

"Tom, we can't do that," said Grant. "I have a board of directors to account to. Were you happy when you signed your contract?"

"Yes, I was, but things have changed."

"You asked for more money than had ever been paid to any pitcher, and you got it."

"That's not so any more," said Seaver.

"Who gets more?"

"Tiant. Ryan. Tanana."

"I don't know about that," said Grant, "but it was you who opted for a three-year contract. If we renegotiate for you, we would have every player on the team in the office. Please see the light of day. I beg you to reconsider and be the Tom Seaver happy to play with the Mets."

"You want me to be happy at your terms."

"Yes, and you want to be happy only on your terms, and that's a standoff. I have told you 10 times we don't want to trade you. Of the cities you prefer, we have our best offer from Cincinnati. If that can crystallize, we'll make it."

Tom Seaver's base pay is \$225,000, and he could do \$250,000 with a good year. Luis Tiant does not make \$225,000. Frank Tanana, by threatening to play out his option, received a \$1 million signing bonus from Gene Autry, but his base salary of \$200,000 is below Seaver's. Nolan Ryan is getting more now than Seaver, and that galls Tom because Nancy Seaver and Ruth Ryan are very friendly and Tom Seaver long has treated Nolan Ryan like a little brother.

It comes down to this: Tom Seaver is jealous of those who had the guts to play out their option or used the threat of playing it out as leverage for a big raise—while he was snug behind a three-year contract of his choosing. He talks of being treated like a man. A man lives up to his contract. . . .

little man to whom nothing very important has happened in his lifetime, who suddenly decides to create some excitement by tossing a bomb into things. That should make people pay attention to him, get him into headlines, maybe even into the history books."

Young's campaign against Tom Seaver started during spring training in 1976, when Seaver began negotiating a new contract with the club. Baseball players had just become eligible to play

out the option year of their contracts and become free agents. But rather than playing out his option, Seaver asked that the Mets make him the richest pitcher in baseball history.

During a long and bitter hold-out, Young used such words as "ingrate" and "insubordinate" to describe Seaver in his column. And he supported Grant's hard money stand, agreeing with the Mets owner on the need to impose a salary ceiling on the team and to establish a clear position

that management alone could dictate the terms of contracts. Any unhappy fieldhands, any unloyal servants, Grant and Young seemed to be saying, could find work elsewhere.

This spring, Young was even more venomous when Seaver began throwing barbs at the Mets front office, questioning how a third-place club with plenty of money could take such a passive role during the free-agent market. Some of Young's outpourings crossed the boundaries of

journalistic principle.

On May 11, for example, Young wrote that Seaver "has an extreme maturity deficiency. If he doesn't get his way, he pouts and stomps."

On May 16, Young wrote: "It is all too clear to me that Seaver's constant sniping at Don Grant was not just poor taste, destructive to club morale. It had a distinct purpose, an ulterior motive. Herb Walker [Mets board member] would have liked to become chairman of the board.

(continued on page 52)

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(continued from page 49)

Tom Seaver, a golfing buddy of Walker's, would have liked that. It would have made the good life just a little bit better for Tom Seaver."

On June 1, Young wrote: "I have sad news for Tom Seaver. Nobody wants him. Oh, they'll take him, for nothing or next to it, but they won't give anything worthwhile for him. Tom Terrific has no market."

Young had gotten so caught up in his attack that he lost all sight of the facts. Seaver was hardly a worthless property: he had been four times a 20-game winner with a mediocre ballclub.

When Young wrote on June 15 that Seaver had sought to renegotiate his contract with the Mets, he was also wrong. Seaver, as Jack Lang had revealed in the *News* the day before, was not trying to renegotiate his contract that runs to 1978, but was seeking to negotiate an additional three-year pact through 1981.

In the same June 15 column, Young quoted 13 paragraphs of dialogue from a private telephone conversation between Grant and Seaver. Young admits that he obtained this information from Grant, that the conversation wasn't taped, and that he never bothered to check the quotes with Seaver because "he doesn't talk to me." Furthermore, Young says, he saw no reason to belabor his readers with the standard comment "as related by" before presenting the conversation.

"When it's obvious where it's coming from I don't think that's necessary," Young says. "There, it was obviously coming from Grant."

The reason Seaver doesn't talk to Young anymore—he had maintained a formal, though hardly cordial working relationship with Young for nine years—is because of a column in March 1976 attacking Marvin Miller, executive director of the Players Association. "Marvin Miller is single-handedly trying to ruin baseball," Young wrote. Miller has a deformed arm.

"I told Young to get away from me after that," remembers Seaver, who was then the Mets player representative. "He's sick. I was ready to kill him. That was it. Until then my rela-

tionship with Dick Young had always been at arm's length. I didn't like the way he worked. You'd be talking to four or five reporters and he'd be standing there in the back, smiling, and then he'd write about it and the whole conversation would be twisted."

Young's running controversy with Seaver is not the only time he's sided with the Mets management. In May 1975, Cleon Jones, a celebrated Mets outfielder, was arrested for indecent exposure in St. Petersburg, Florida. He was found in a van early one morning with a female fan. Cleon was not in uniform and the fan was not his wife.

It was an embarrassing scene made all the more humiliating when Grant forced Jones to read a statement of apology penned by the Mets brass—with Mrs. Jones by his side. It was a scene right out of the black slave market.

The press came down hard on Grant. Larry Merchant wrote in the *Post*: "Cleon Jones made the sort of dumb mistake we have come to expect from time to time, and he will have to live with it. But he did not with malice aforethought mutilate a helpless human being's feelings in public. M. Donald Grant did that obscene thing. It is he, not Cleon Jones, who owes us an apology."

Several days went by before Young presented his view of the incident. "Retrospectively," he wrote, "I suspect Don Grant may have taken the flak on Cleon Jones' inquisition to make Cleon a sympathy object of fans upon his return to action." It was a rather distorted view of events, perhaps colored by Young's presence at two Mets management meetings where Jones' fate was decided. (Last spring Grant told me, "Dick Young is my sounding board. He used to be my worst enemy, but he finally came around to seeing that I was sincere and right. I count on him for sound advice on a great many subjects.")

Some sports reporters take a more cynical view of Young's pro-management positions, citing the hiring of Young's son-in-law as the turning point in Young's career. Last spring,

Young told the *New York Post* how Thornton Geary's association with the Mets came about.

"I called Don Grant at the time they were expanding their operations and I told him I'm going to do you a favor by letting you hire Thornie. He's a bright kid," Young said.

To which Grant replied: "I asked Dick if he could live with it, with his son-in-law working for the club, and he said: 'I'm above that kind of thing.' That was enough for me."

News Managing Editor Bill Brink wouldn't comment on Young's relationship with the Mets management. But, he says: "We felt an obligation to report what everyone said about him—Seaver, the fans. At the same time we printed his columns. The day you censor a columnist's columns is the day you stop having columns. Dick is one of the more noted sports columnists of the last 40 years."

Yet it was Brink who trimmed—in effect, censored—Pete Hamill's column. One of the sections deleted concerned Dick Young's son-in-law. It is this tolerance of a dual standard for the front and back of the paper that Hamill opposes. He explains: "Say Jim Wieghart [the *News*' Washington columnist] calls Jimmy Carter and says: 'Jimmy, I want you to put my son-in-law to work in the White House.' Do they mean to tell me they're going to let Wieghart get away with a stunt like that?"

Nevertheless, Hamill was pleased that his column wasn't killed altogether. "I think it's pretty classy of the *News* to have run my column the way they did. It held together pretty well. It's not like they buried it somewhere back in the paper."

Young was not so pleased with the Hamill column. He calls it "very unprofessional." But for a great many people who work at the *News* it was an occasion to celebrate. Dozens of xeroxed copies of the deleted text were circulated through the city room. "When Hamill's column ran it was like we were vindicated," says one reporter. "We were proud to be on Young's enemies list."

Young has not been an easy

sports editor to get along with, judging from the comments of some of his former reporters. One explains: "Dick Young runs the sports department like he was managing a team. If you don't listen to him he'll bench you. And he's sneaky about it. He never does anything in front of you, always behind your back."

At least two young, talented writers could not tolerate the way Young managed his team. Dave Hirshey moved over to the *News* Sunday magazine and Peter Vecsey, who was farmed out to the Queens bureau, eventually found his way to the *New York Post* where he now writes a basketball column. These are two strong-willed independent journalists who would not play ball for Young on his terms—not unlike the strong-willed jocks Young takes apart in print.

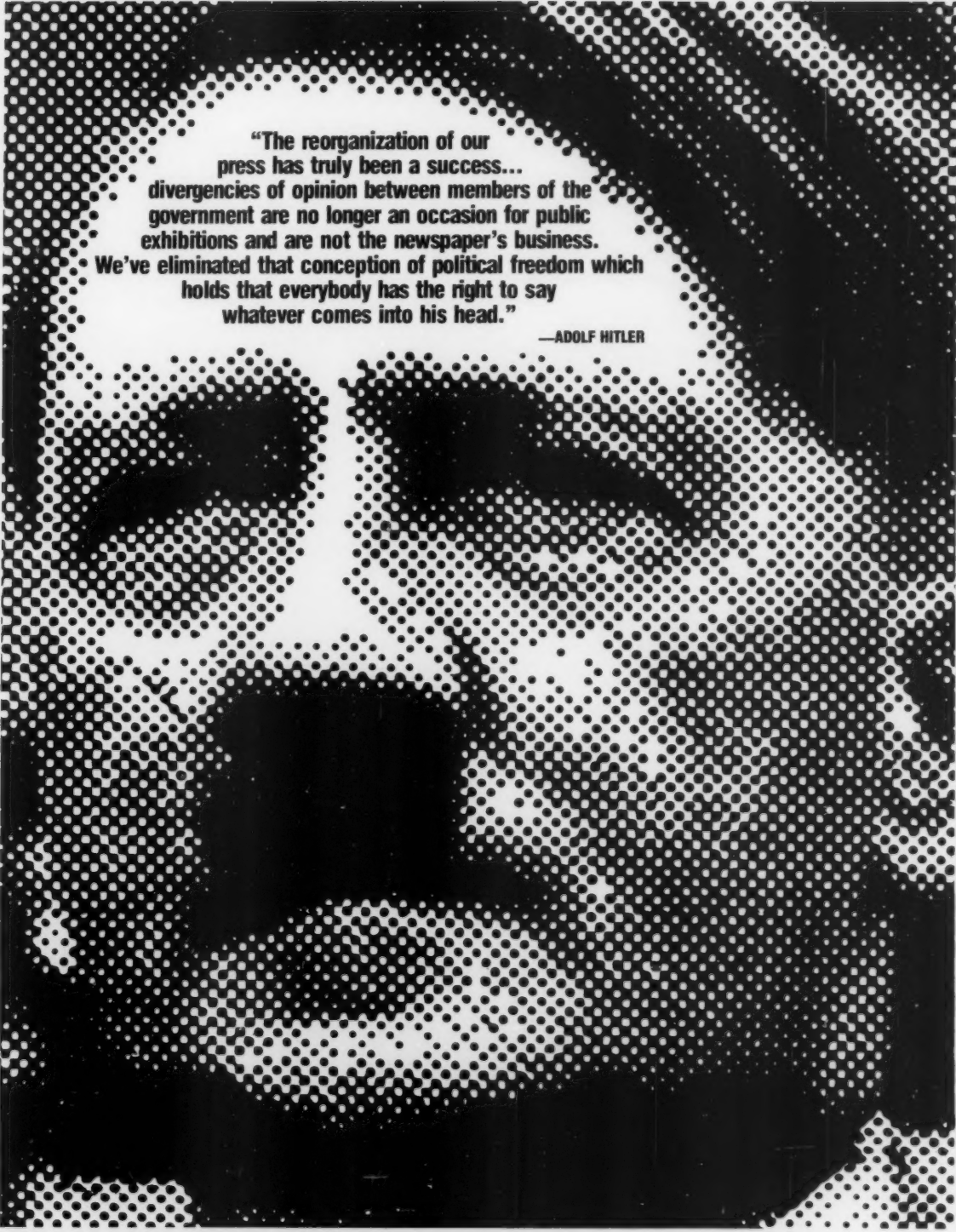
Hirshey recalls an incident in the press room at the Montreal Olympics, in view of dozens of journalists. He asked Young, "Can I do a profile on Nadia Comaneci?" Young pointed to a television monitor. "Nobody wants to read about it," he said. "It's all visual. How many papers is it gonna sell?"

Dick Young pays little credence to all the charges leveled against him. He believes he sits at the top of the mountain, above suspicion, and that the "cheap shotters" and "shit-stirrers" can't bring him down.

His final comments about the Seaver affair reflect this attitude. In closing his column of June 17—a scouting report submitted by Cincinnati manager Sparky Anderson of the four players the Mets acquired for Seaver—Young wrote: "My personal role in this has been grossly exaggerated. I simply refuse to write flattering things about a ballplayer as a condition for having him talk to me. No newspaperman with an ounce of integrity can submit to that."

The next day, Young closed the books on Seaver by reminding *News* readers that Socrates said: "Please do not be angry with me for telling you the truth."

Or, as *News* feature writer Peter Coutros says, "Integrity is great as long as it doesn't get in the way of circulation." ■



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